

588856

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 60¢



WOMEN'S LIBERATION
SHOCKS YOU WITH A NEW MEANING
IN
"THE WEDDING GIFT"

VAMPIR'S FEARY TALES



LOVE WORN LADIES OF THE *PAST* KEEP POP-
PING UP ON THE FOG SHROUDED ISLANDS OF
OLD BOSTON WHENEVER THEY GET A *GHOST*
OF A CHANCE! IT WOULD SEEM *ONE* LIFE-
TIME WASN'T *ENOUGH* FOR THESE...

THE APPLE ISLAND LOVERS

OLD APPLE ISLAND, THE PRESENT SITE OF BOSTON'S
LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, WAS THE LAIR OF
A *ROBBER BAND* IN DAYS GONE BY. A YOUNG BOY'S
SWEETHEART WAS *MURDERED* BY THE VILLAINS AND
WHEN THE LAD WENT OUT TO THE ISLAND SEEKING
REVENGE HE WAS ALSO *KILLED* AND HIS BODY HUNG
FROM A TREE AS A *WARNING* TO OTHER INTRUDERS.
FIFTY YEARS LATER, A FAMILY MAROONED ON THE
ISLAND BUILT A ROARING BONFIRE AND AROUND
MIDNIGHT THE TWO YOUNG LOVERS WERE SEEN STROLL-
ING ARM IN ARM PAST THE FIRE, *REUNITED IN DEATH!*



SHRIEK OF THE HEADLESS LADY

MANY YEARS AGO A *PIRATE* TOOK HIS *LADY* ASHORE
ON DEER ISLAND AND *KILLED* HER BY CUTTING OFF HER
HEAD. HE BURIED A *FABULOUS TREASURE* WITH
THE WOMAN'S *HEADLESS CORPSE* AND SAILED AWAY
NEVER TO RETURN.

THIS TERRIBLE HEADLESS *GHOST* HAS BEEN *SEEN*
COUNTLESS TIMES WANDERING THE BEACH GUARD-
ING THE *TREASURE* AND AWAITING THE *RETURN* OF
ITS *OWNER*. RESIDENTS OF THE ISLAND ARE ALL *TOO*
FAMILIAR WITH HER TERRIFYING *SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT!*





VAMPIRELLA

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VAMPIRELLA



SCARLET LETTERS

CREEPY, EERIE and **VAMPIRELLA** should all come with a warning. Something like the ones on packs of cigarettes. Caution: This magazine is habit-forming and may lead to an addiction to other Warren magazines.

JOHN BRIGGS
Houston, Texas

I was surprised and pleased to find you adorning the cover of issue #12. I was even more flabbergasted to find only four stories. Yet, this is the best magazine you or any of your relatives have ever published. The elephants in "Quest" confused me, especially with the hero being an Indian.

JOHN SULLIVAN
Lathrop Wells, Ind.



The sight of elephants in Jones' **QUEST** disturbed John Sullivan of Indiana.

Your magazines are very valuable because they force other publications to upgrade their work or move over and make room for you. None of them have yet come up to your standards.

MARK R. NORMAN
Barberton, Ohio

If Issue #12 doesn't evoke more response than ever before, you might just as well give up. But don't you dare. There was a new cover title lettering, excellent cover painting—plus Vampi on the cover. After all, whose mag is this anyway? Jose Gonzalez is definitely a must for **VAMPIRELLA**. Wally Wood's "To Kill A God" was very impressive.

☹☹ If Issue #12 doesn't evoke more response than ever before you might just as well give up. . . . This has been the nearest-to-perfect issue so far. Makes me wish **VAMPIRELLA** was a monthly. What do you do for an encore? Will the quality last? ☹☹

Jeff Jones' "QUEST" from Issue #12 was the best story for art and plot. Wood's artwork in "To Kill A God" wasn't up to par.

TIM DOHERTY
Latrobe, Pa.

think it's great! You should turn out more models of yourself because where I live they sell like hotcakes. When are your posters coming out?

GABE ROLDAN
Milpitas, Calif.

I would like to congratulate you on carrying out my orders perfectly. You may feel that our plans for taking over the earth are progressing too slowly. However, after seeing Issue #12, I'm positive you've captivated the world. The cover was hypnotic. I must sign my code name in case this letters falls into the wrong hands. I do not want Van Helsing on my back.

SAM IRVIN
Asheville, N.C.



Message received, Sam.

I am only 10 years of age and a girl even! I've read every **VAMPIRELLA** so far. I never have bad dreams after reading your magazines.

MINDY HATFIELD
Muscatine, Iowa



Neither do I, Mindy.

I've fallen in love with you. Could you send me a poster or a picture to prove to my friends that you are for real? I think there should be a book with your life-story as you're the most gorgeous vampire I've ever seen.

WENDELL L. FLEMING
Chicago, Ill.

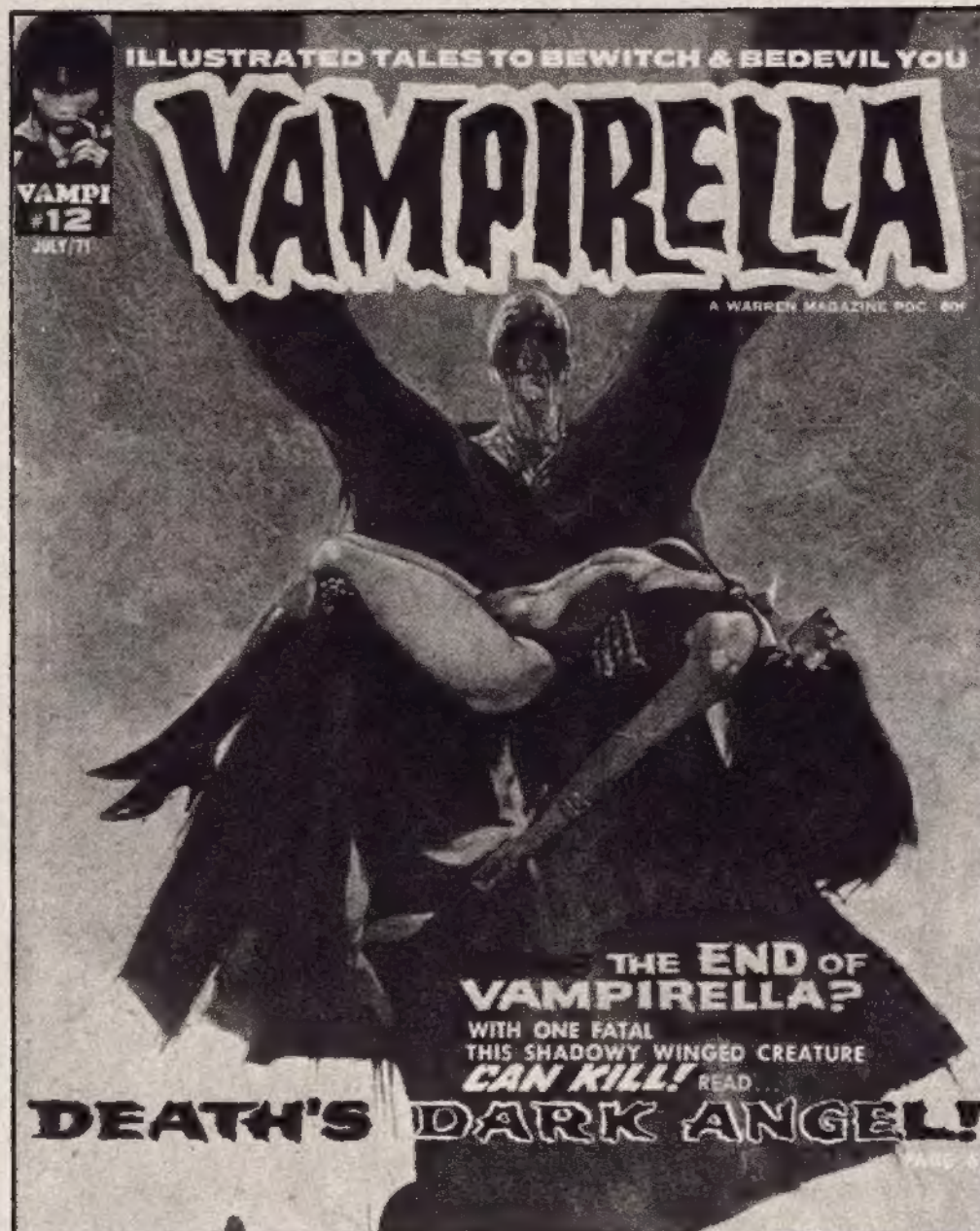


What will Adam say when he sees your letter?

VAMPIRELLA #12 was a landmark. Of Wallace Wood's four recent contributions, the story "To Kill A God" ranked the best. I particularly liked its closing "shock" comment. But I regret to say Bill Graham's work on Amazonia was a disappointment. He still reigns as my favorite comic artist, though. Frank Brunner's work is fantastic.

DOUGLAS S. SEYMOUR
Charleston, S.C.

Here in Manitou Springs, Colorado it's hard to find any



Cause of much comment was the cover of **VAMPIRELLA** #12.

Eliminating page borders and extending the work over the entire page did add a certain quality to it. Oh my goodness, er . . . badness (sorry), I almost neglected to honorably mention the writers. Wizards all. Without them, those word balloons would look awfully empty. This has been the nearest-to-perfect issue so far. Makes me wish **VAMPIRELLA** was a monthly. So what do you do for an encore? (Issue #13 and the one after that and the one . . . —ed.) Will the quality last? Is this merely a shot in the dark or a stake in the heart?

ANTHONY KOWALIK
Harvey, Ill.



More like a stake in the heart, Anthony.

As a series, **VAMPIRELLA** is really shaping up. As Archie Goodwin makes his Lovecraftian (Shades of H. P. Lovecraft —ed.) dimension of the storyline more prominent, it's taking on that H. P. L. original drama.

BRIAN E. BROWN
N. Manchester, Ind.

Frazetta better beware because Sanjulian is alive and well on the cover of issue #12. There wasn't a bad job in the whole issue. I really enjoyed the dark overtone of "To Kill A God." Fantastic!

JIM FADLER
Columbia, Mo.

I just got Aurora's new **VAMPIRELLA** model kit and I

●●As a loyal fan, I'm sick that CREEPY and EERIE (second raters) should get any Comicon awards and VAMPIRELLA receive nothing. Revenge!●●

copies of VAMPIRELLA. When I do find copies, it's easy to find great stories therein. Could you have Archie Goodwin draw me a poster of VAMPIRELLA?

KELVIN W. KEACH
Manitou Springs, Colo.



Archie writes my adventures, Kelvin. He doesn't draw them. Jose Gonzalez is the artist. When a poster is published of me, you'll read about it here. Thanks for writing.

As a loyal fan, I'm sick that CREEPY and EERIE (second raters) should get any awards

and VAMPIRELLA received nothing. (See VAMPIRELLA #13—The Warren Awards—ed.) Someone really blew it and for that I'll have my revenge.

MARK SCHILLER
Glendale, Calif.

Beautiful! Issue #12 of VAMPIRELLA was just beautiful! Now don't get envious. You're beautiful too! The cover was the best yet! You'd better keep Sanjulian, the cover artist, or I'll curse you forevermore. "Death's Dark Angel" was indescribable. "To Kill a God" nearly killed me.

The story is a prime example of the superiority of your mag. I don't know why you changed the style of lettering for your title on the cover (called a logo—ed.) but I think the previous type was better.

SIMON RADONMSKY
Irvington, N.J.



A girl likes a change of face every once in a while, Simon. What do you readers think? Look at the cover titles on issues #12 and 13 and tell me which one you like better.

Recently, in looking over my VAMPIRELLA collection, issues #8 to 12, I chose the best stories. They were "Who Serves The Cause of Chaos" (#8), "The Testing" (#9), "Carnival of the Damned" (#11) and "Death's Dark Angel" (#12). They were the best because they all starred you. The main reason however is their length. A couple of them were over 21 pages long and that's great. It makes a story really exciting. May I make a suggestion? Have more continuous characters in your adventures . . . like Adam and Conrad Van Helsing. Have the stories be long, involve an occasional vampire or werewolf and have it all take place in a creepy old mansion. Re-

member though—this should only apply to stories with you. Please have more vampires and werewolves

ED MARTIN
Fairfield, Conn.



A scene from Wally Wood's TO KILL A GOD—VAMPIRELLA #12—which one letter writer claimed nearly killed him.



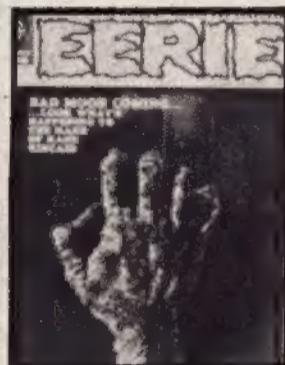
W. W. Wade reveals a fettered VAMPIRELLA to the Van Helsing from the acclaimed "Death's Dark Angel."



DAY

is . . .
the day you
sit down and
write a letter to
VAMPIRELLA

THE NEXT TIME SOMEONE ASKS, "DID YOU SEE THAT GREAT STORY IN CREEPY (OR EERIE, OR VAMPIRELLA, OR FM)?"—BE SURE YOU CAN ANSWER YES. GET YOUR ISSUES MAILED TO YOU IN A STURDY, PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE. MAIL THE COUPON NOW. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE IF NOT SATISFIED.



CREEPY

EERIE

VAMPIRELLA

FAMOUS MONSTERS

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145 East 32nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10016


PROLOGUE: FOR THREE DAYS THE RAFT HAS DRIFTED, WASHED BY THE BLUE-GREEN WAVES OF THE CARRIBEAN SEA. NOW IT RESTS ON SAND MADE WHITE AND BRILLIANT BY THE MID-DAY SUN. BUT THE GIRL THE RAFT HAS CARRIED TO THIS STRANGE SHORE LOOKS BEYOND THE BRILLIANCE TO THE JUNGLE AND THE DARKNESS AND SHADOW THAT CLOAK IT. FOR IN HER TIME ON THIS WORLD NOT HER OWN, SHE HAS LEARNED MANY DANGERS ARE HIDDEN BY SHADOW, MANY EVILS ARE MASKED IN DARKNESS. ESPECIALLY FOR HER. ESPECIALLY FOR...






THIS WAY, MY DEAR!
THE FORCES OF **CHAOS**
MAY HAVE TORN A SHIP
OUT FROM UNDER US AND
CAST US ADrift...*
BUT **SALVATION** IS
AT HAND!


*SEE **VAMPIRELLA** # 13




FORGIVE ME,
VAMPIRELLA. I
SOMETIMES FORGET
YOU DON'T
NECESSARILY SHARE
THE SAME **NEEDS**
WE EARTHLING SET
SUCH STORE BY.




WATER!
FRIENDS AND FELLOW
MAGICIANS FAMILIAR
WITH MY PENCHANT FOR
STERNER SPIRITS MIGHT
BE SHOCKED...BUT A FEW
DAYS **WITHOUT** IT GIVES
ONE A WHOLE NEW
PERSPECTIVE! INDULGE,
MY DEAR, **INDULGE!**



RIGHT NOW I WISH
I **DID**, PENDRAGON. THAT'S
MY **LAST** VIAL OF SERUM!
ANOTHER 24 HOURS AND I'LL
CRAVE HUMAN BLOOD AS
DESPERATELY AS
VAMPIRE OUT ANY OF
YOUR WORLD'S
LEGENDS...



FOR YOUR
SAKE, WE'VE GOT
TO SEPARATE! INTO
THE JUNGLE! YOU'LL
HAVE A DAY TO HIDE,
TO PROTECT
YOURSELF!



B-BUT...
WE DON'T **KNOW**
IF THE ISLAND'S
INHABITED OR NOT.
THERE MAY BE A
LABORATORY, SOME SORT
OF FACILITY, WHERE YOU COULD
MAKE NEW SERUM...

WE CAN'T **COUNT**
ON THAT, PENDRAGON!
YOU'VE GOT TO GO...
NOW!

RUN, PLEASE!
GET AS FAR AWAY
AS YOU CAN! AND
I PRAY...

... YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO **ESCAPE**
ME!

BUT THIS IS MID-DAY IN THE CARRIBEAN.
EVEN LAYER UPON LAYER OF JUNGLE VINE
AND BRANCH CAN'T HOLD BACK THE
STEAMING HEAT OR EASE THE DRAINING,
DEBILITATING TOLL IT TAKES...

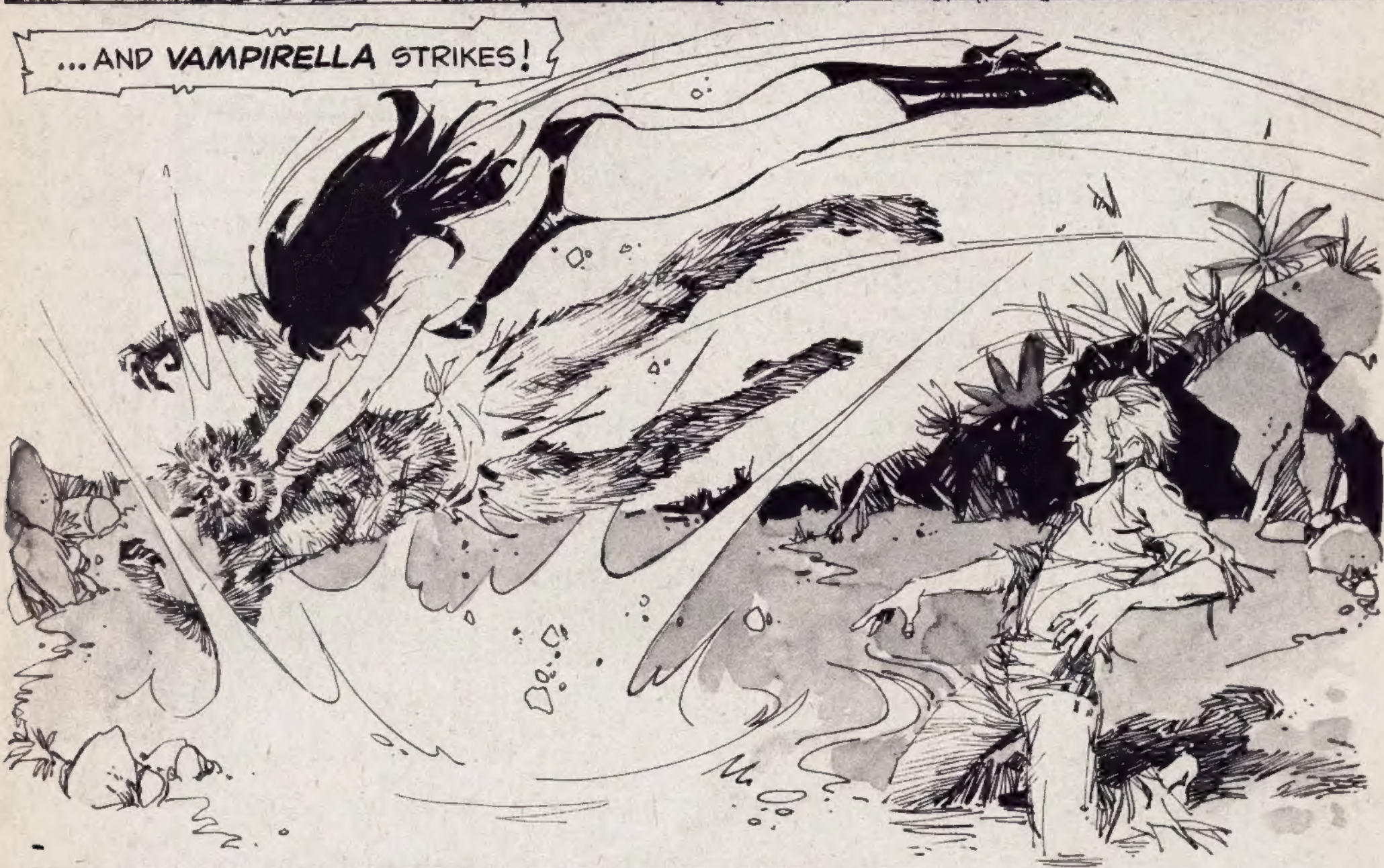
HOW LONG CAN ANY MAN RUN?



HOW LONG IS A MOMENT OF **HORROR**? A SECOND... AN ETERNITY? ONE IS TAKING PLACE NOW, BEFORE YOUR EYES. AS A SCREAM ECHOS THROUGH THE JUNGLE... AS A CREATURE OF NIGHTMARE MOVES TO LEAP... AS A JET-BLACK SHAPE SWOOPS SWIFTLY FORWARD ON SILENT WINGS...




...AND **VAMPIRELLA** STRIKES!



GIRL OF THE DISTANT WORLD CALLED DRAKULON, BESTIAL THING UNKNOWN AND UNNAMED... LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, LAUNCHING A CHAIN OF TERROR THAT WILL SWEEP UNCHECKED ACROSS THIS HAUNTED ISLAND THIS...


ISLE OF THE HUNTIRESS!



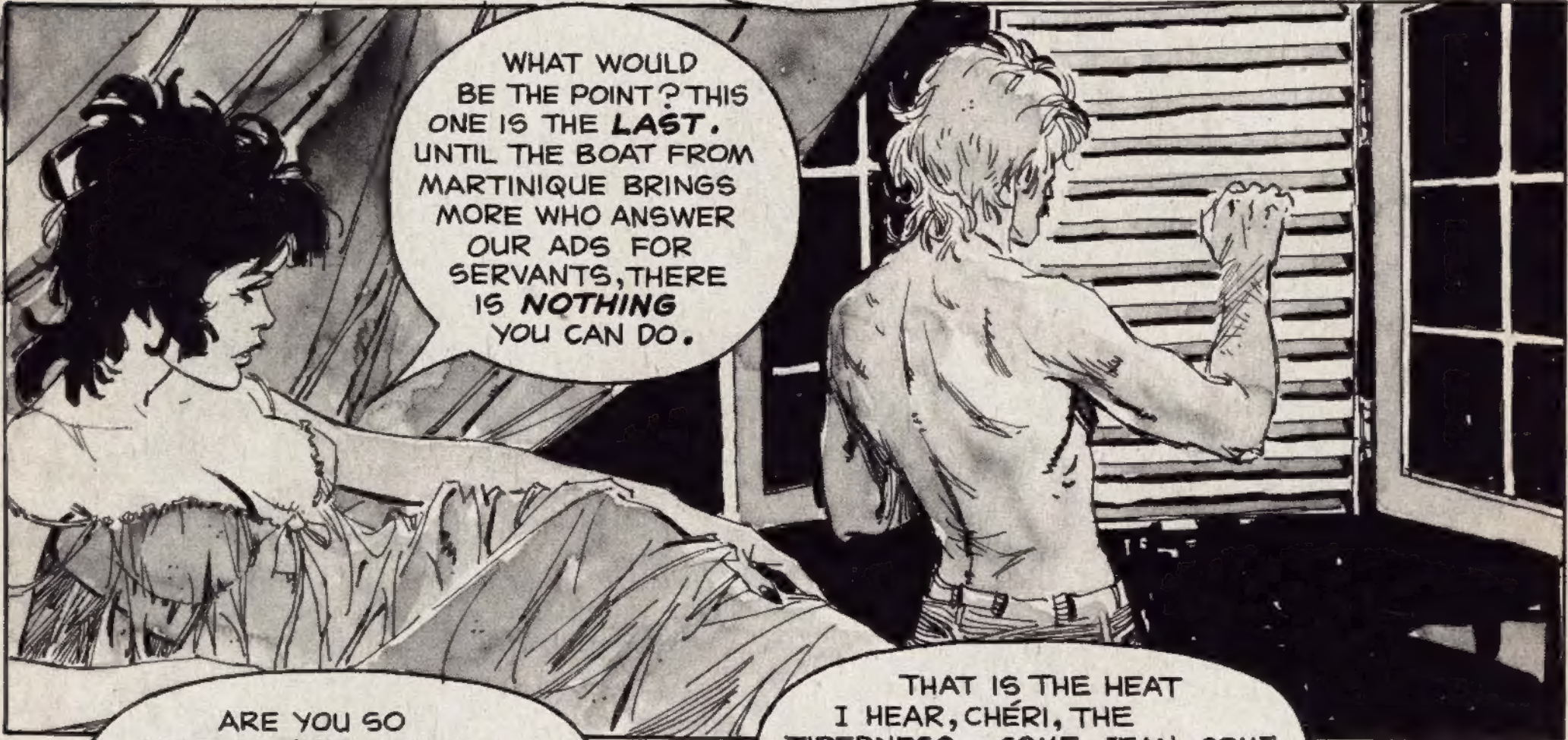
COME BACK
TO BED, JEAN.
IT IS STILL
LIGHT.

NO! I CAN
HEAR IT OUT
THERE! IT'S
FOUND
SOMETHING!

A SMALL
ANIMAL PERHAPS.
COME BACK TO
BED, JEAN.



WHO CAN
SLEEP IN THIS
DAMN HEAT? WHO CAN
DO **ANYTHING**? I
SHOULD BE IN THE **LAB**,
VIVIENNE. I SHOULD
BE WORKING.



WHAT WOULD
BE THE POINT? THIS
ONE IS THE **LAST**.
UNTIL THE BOAT FROM
MARTINIQUE BRINGS
MORE WHO ANSWER
OUR ADS FOR
SERVANTS, THERE
IS **NOTHING**
YOU CAN DO.

ARE YOU SO
CERTAIN **THIS** ONE IS A
FAILURE, VIVIENNE? SOMETIMES
I THINK YOU BEGIN TO **LIKE**
IT... THE HUNT, THE KILL...
THE **SPORT**!

THAT IS THE HEAT
I HEAR, CHÉRI, THE
TIREDNESS... COME, JEAN. COME
TO BED. COME, CHÉRI...
BEFORE IT GROWS DARK,
BEFORE --

I CAN STILL
HEAR IT! THE SNARLING,
THE FIGHTING SOUNDS
FROM OUT IN THE JUNGLE...
SOMETHING IS
WRONG!

CHÉRI, WHAT COULD
IT BE? MUST WE WASTE
THE LITTLE DAYLIGHT
LEFT US --

I AM GOING
TO SEE WHAT
HAPPENS, VIVIENNE.
COME OR STAY, AS
YOU PLEASE.

AND AFTER PUSHING THROUGH THE
HEAT, THE UNDERBRUSH...

THERE...
LISTEN!
MERCY, WHAT A
DIN! IT'S
COMING FROM
THE POOL ON
THE MAIN
TRAIL!

QUICKLY,
VIVIENNE,
QUICKLY!

NO!
I-IT CANNOT
BE...

MUST IT
ALWAYS BE
SO HARD FOR YOU
TO ACCEPT YOUR
FAILURES,
JEAN?

DEAD... DEAD
ALREADY! AND
YOU MEANT THIS
FOR ME?!

WHO
ARE YOU, OLD
MAN? HOW DID
YOU GET HERE?
DID YOU DO
THIS?!

PENDRAGON IS
THE NAME. I AM A
MAGICIAN BY TRADE, BUT
MY ILLUSIONS ARE FOR
THE STAGE, SIR...
MIRACLES OF THIS CALIBER
ARE NOT IN MY
POWER!

A BAT? A BAT
INDEED! THE OLD MAN IS
MAD, OR SENILE! WHAT
NOW, JEAN...WHAT
WILL WE DO ABOUT
TONIGHT?

THERE IS NO
CHOICE, VIVIENNE.
I MUST TRY TO USE
MONSIEUR PENDRAGON
OR WHOMEVER HE
CLAIMS TO BE!

HE IS
TOO **OLD**,
WEAK! IT IS
USELESS...
WASTED
TIME!

MADAME, YOU
MALIGN ME! I MAY
BE WELL **SEASONED**,
BUT OLD... **NEVER!**
NOW TELL ME WHAT
THIS IS ALL--

SILENCE,
BOTH OF YOU!
LISTEN...

CLAIMS?
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN **CLAIMS**?
WHY IN THE GLORIOUS
DAYS OF VAUDVILLE
MY NAME WAS--

AND SOON EVEN **THAT** SOUND DIES TO
A SPUTTER...A COUGH...THEN, **SILENCE!**

A **PLANE!**
AND FROM THE
SOUND OF THOSE
ENGINES...IN
TROUBLE!

THEY'RE
TRYING TO
BRING IT DOWN
IN THE
COVE!

HANG ON, RICK!
WE'RE **CLEAR!**
DON'T GIVE UP NOW!

FIGHT IT,
RICK... DON'T
LET THIS
UNDERTOW
GET US...!

WE'RE GOING TO
MAKE IT, FELLA...
DON'T GIVE UP...
WE'RE GOING TO---

YOU HAVE
MADE IT, MONSIEUR.
YOUR FRIEND
APPEARS TO BE
DEAD.

WHAT...?
OH, NO...
NO!

KNOWN EACH OTHER
SINCE **COLLEGE...** HE
RUNS CHARTER PLANE
SERVICE... AGREED TO
HELP ME SEARCH
FOR MISSING
SHIP... ANY
SURVIVORS...

GOT LOW ON FUEL...
RICK WANTED TO TURN
BACK... BUT I KEPT
INSISTING... FEW
MORE PASSES... THEN
WE SAW ISLAND AND--

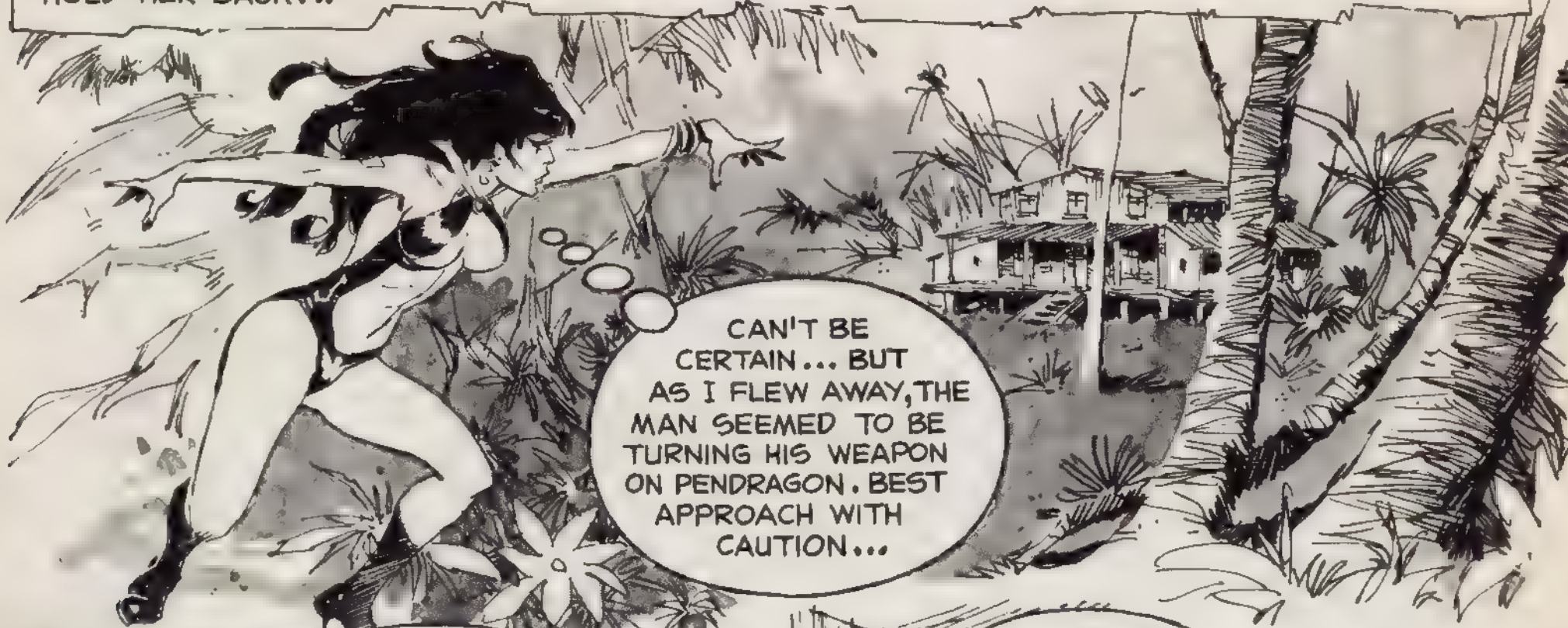
YOU MUST
HAVE **SEEN**
THE REST! ALL
MY **FAULT!**

WOULDN'T HAVE
HAPPENED IF I WEREN'T
SO DESPERATE TO FIND
THIS **GIRL.** I'M **ADAM**
VAN HELSING AND--


YOUR
NAME DOES
NOT
MATTER.

WOK!

WITH EVENING, VAMPIRELLA COMES TO THE HOUSE. THE KILLING RAGE THAT SEIZED HER DURING THE BATTLE, THAT MADE HER FLEE IN SHAME AFTER SLAYING THE CREATURE IS GONE. NOW SHE IS AGAIN IN CONTROL, THE EFFECT OF THE SERUM STILL HOLDS. AND NOW, NEW DOUBTS HOLD HER BACK...




CAN'T BE CERTAIN... BUT AS I FLEW AWAY, THE MAN SEEMED TO BE TURNING HIS WEAPON ON PENDRAGON. BEST APPROACH WITH CAUTION...



WE ARE LUCKY, JEAN, CHÉRI... SO VERY LUCKY! THIS ONE LOOKS **WONDERFUL!** VERY STRONG...

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO **DO**?

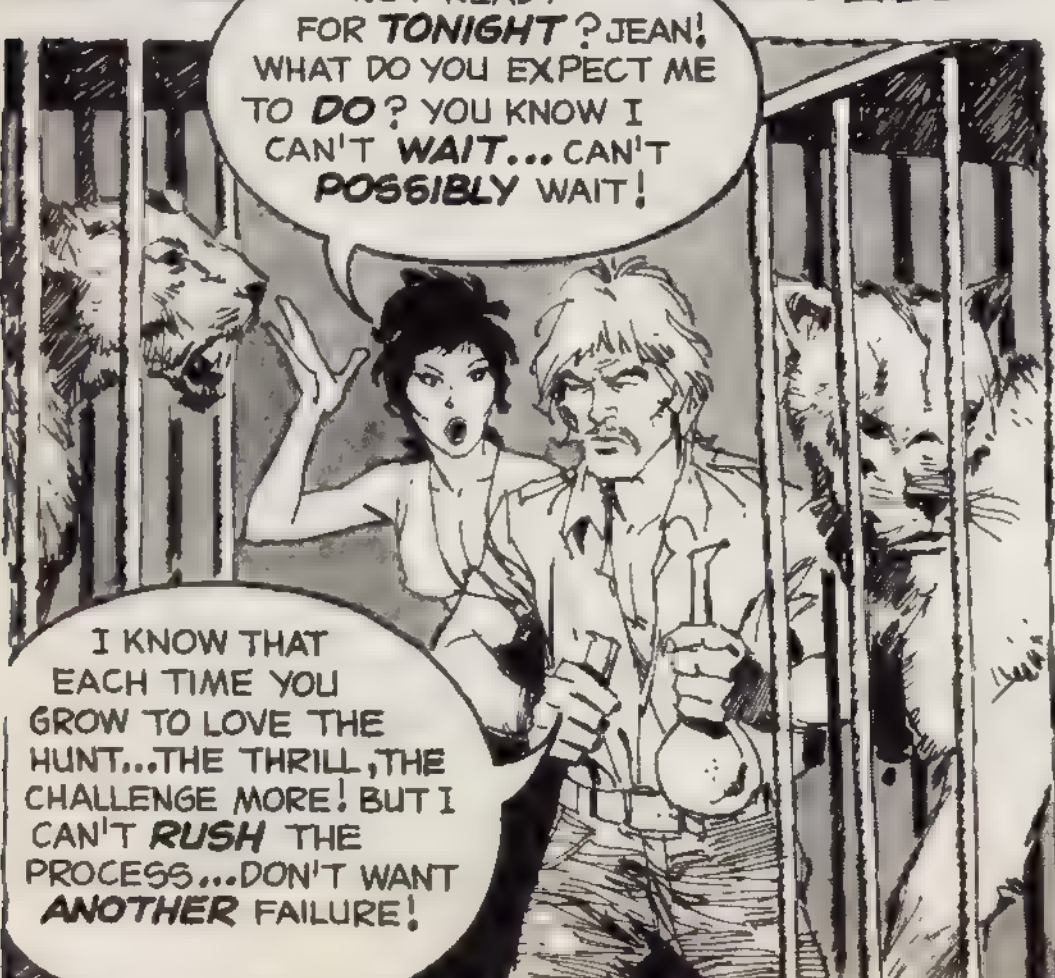
THERE IS A **PROBLEM,** VIVIENNE...



...I CAN'T POSSIBLY HAVE THE INJECTION READY IN **TIME** TONIGHT!

IT'S **ADAM...** ADAM VAN HELSING! HE MUST HAVE TRACED ME SINCE I BEGAN WORKING FOR PENDRAGON, FOLLOWED ME **HERE...**! BUT WHAT ARE THEY **DOING** TO HIM?

THEN RELEASE THE OLD MAN! **RELEASE HIM!**



NOT READY FOR **TONIGHT**? JEAN! WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO **DO**? YOU KNOW I CAN'T **WAIT...** CAN'T **POSSIBLY** WAIT!

I KNOW THAT EACH TIME YOU GROW TO LOVE THE HUNT...THE THRILL, THE CHALLENGE MORE! BUT I CAN'T **RUSH** THE PROCESS...DON'T WANT **ANOTHER** FAILURE!

JUST AS HE **IS**? BUT...

JEAN, IF
YOU LOVE ME,
RELEASE HIM NOW!
NOW!

**I MUST HAVE
SOMEONE!**


WHAT CAN ONE DO,
MONSIEUR...? NOW YOU
MUST RUN... **RUN FOR
YOUR LIFE!**

PENDRAGON!
THIS WAY!

VAMPIRELLA!
THANK HEAVEN!
YOUNG VAN HELSING
IS IN THERE
AND--


I KNOW.
BUT THE **WOMAN**
NOW SEEMS TO
BE THE GREATEST
DANGER. HOW,
PENDRAGON? **WHY?**





HIDE,
PENDRAGON!
I'LL TRY TO
DRAW HER
OFF!

NOW THE NIGHT-SHROUDED ISLAND, THE
DEEP-SHADOWED JUNGLE, RINGS WITH A
CRY...THE CRY OF THE BEAST WHEN GAME
IS AFOOT!



AND HUNTRESS AND PREY VANISH AMID
VINE AND FOLIAGE, TREE AND SPREADING
PLANT. LOST TO THE CHASE, LOST FROM
SIGHT...UNTIL NOT EVEN THE SEEKING RAYS
OF THE GREAT FULL MOON CAN FIND THEM.



YOUR
WIFE'S A...A
WEREWOLF!

YES,
MONSIEUR. A
CONDITION
I SEEK TO
CURE.

AND I'M
TO PLAY
SOME PART
IN THAT
CURE?

A SIMILAR,
BUT HOPEFULLY
MORE SUCCESSFUL
ONE...

...THAN
THIS!



FOR GOD'S
SAKE, HOW CAN
YOU **DO**
THIS?!

WE HAVE A LONG
NIGHT AHEAD, MONSIEUR
VAN HELSING, AND ANY
MAN IS ENTITLED TO
KNOW WHAT LEADS HIM
TO HIS FATE. VERY WELL,
I WILL **TELL**
YOU...

"I WILL TELL YOU OF ANOTHER TIME,
ANOTHER PLACE.. OF PARIS... WHEN I WAS
LAUNCHING A SUCCESSFUL CAREER AS A
BIO-CHEMIST... AND WHEN VIVIENNE
AND I HAD JUST FALLEN IN LOVE."



"NOW I FIND IT UNBELIEVABLE THAT WE HAD
SUCH HAPPINESS AS THEN. PERHAPS IF WE'D
HAD **LESS**, ITS SUDDEN END WOULD NOT
HAVE BEEN SO **TOTALLY** DEVASTATING..."

"..... I MIGHT HAVE FACED THE WORST
WITH THE SAME RESOLVE OTHERS SOMETIMES
MANAGE. INSTEAD I SLAVED DAY+NIGHT TO
CURE WITH **MY** SKILLS WHAT THE
PHYSICIANS, THE HEALERS, COULD NOT."

YOUR
WIFE WISHED
ME TO TELL YOU,
MONSIEUR. IT IS
LEUKEMIA. THERE
IS NOTHING
WE CAN DO
NOTHING...

ANOTHER
FAILURE!
ANOTHER!

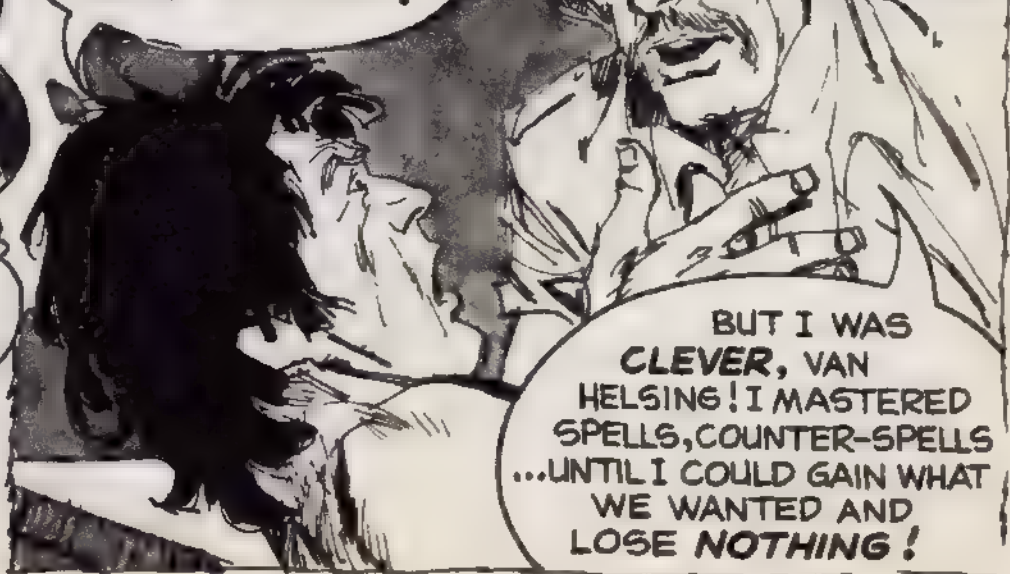
JEAN, WHY
TORTURE ME
YOURSELF?
WHY NOT CLING
TO THE TIME,
THE PRECIOUS
MOMENTS
LEFT US?

"AND IN MY FERVOR, I TURNED FURTHER
AND FURTHER AFIELD FROM THE WAYS AND
METHODS OF **ANY** SCIENCE... AND I
DISCOVERED SECRETS SANE MEN **SHUN!**"

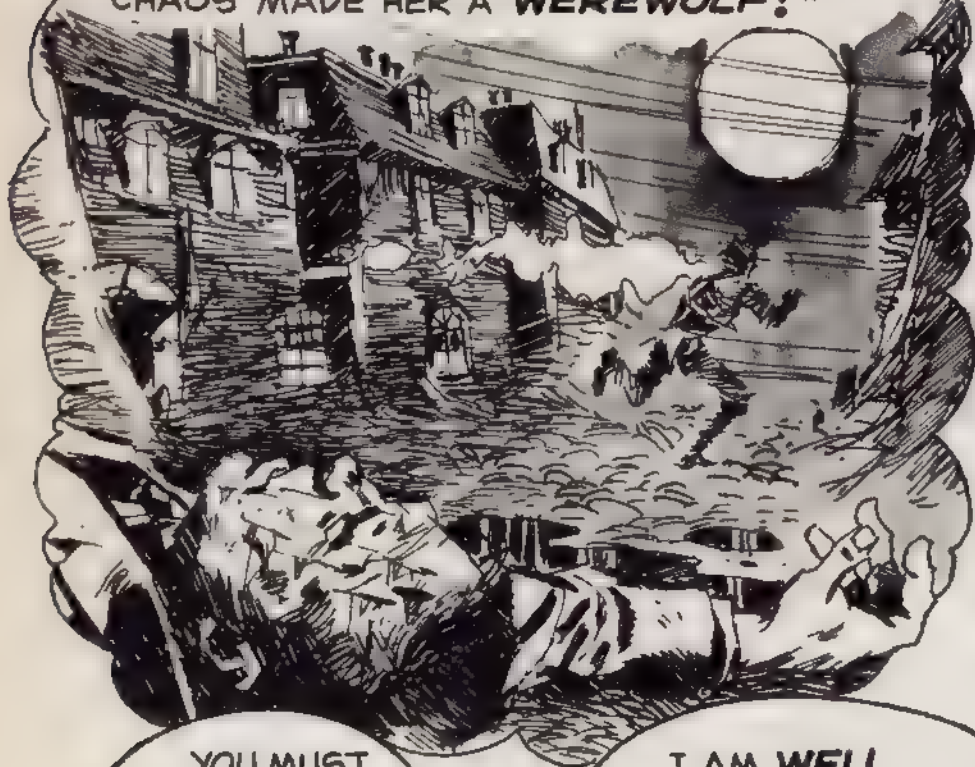
THERE ARE
SPELLS IN THIS BOOK,
VIVIENNE... **POWERS**
GRANTED BY THE
GREAT, BANISHED
GOD IT IS DEDICATED
TO... THAT WILL
WORK! **I KNOW**
THEY WILL!

YOU BARGAINED
WITH **CHAOS**, THE
MAD GOD? MY FATHER
AND I HAVE ENCOUNTERED
PEOPLE, CULTS, WHO
TRIED THE SAME... THE
COST IS HIGH, THE
SOUL AND MORE!

BUT I WAS
CLEVER, VAN
HELSENG! I MASTERED
SPELLS, COUNTER-SPILLS
...UNTIL I COULD GAIN WHAT
WE WANTED AND
LOSE **NOTHING!**



"OR SO I THOUGHT, UNTIL THE WAYS OF CHAOS WERE DRIVEN SHARPLY, SHATTERINGLY HOME WITH THE FIRST FULL MOON. VIVIENNE WAS SAVED FROM ANY ILL, ANY DEATH, THAT PLAGUES ORDINARY MORTALS... CHAOS MADE HER A **WEREWOLF**!"



JEAN! IT WAS **HORRIBLE...** THE **BLOOD...** THE **SLAUGHTERING...**! I CAN'T GO ON DOING THIS! **DEATH** WOULD BE BETTER... MAKE THEM CHANGE ME **BACK... BACK!**



"BUT THE DEEDS, THE COSMIC JOKES, OF CHAOS ARE NOT OFTEN UNDONE BY MERE MORTALS. SO WE CAME TO THIS ISLAND... MY **NEW LINE** OF EXPERIMENTS IN **BIO-CHEMISTRY** BEGAN..."

YOU MUST **KNOW** THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS **FUTILE!** THE ONLY CURE FOR A WEREWOLF IS **DEATH... DEATH BY SILVER BULLETS!**

I AM **WELL** AWARE OF THAT, MONSIEUR VAN HELSING. **TERRIBLY** AWARE...

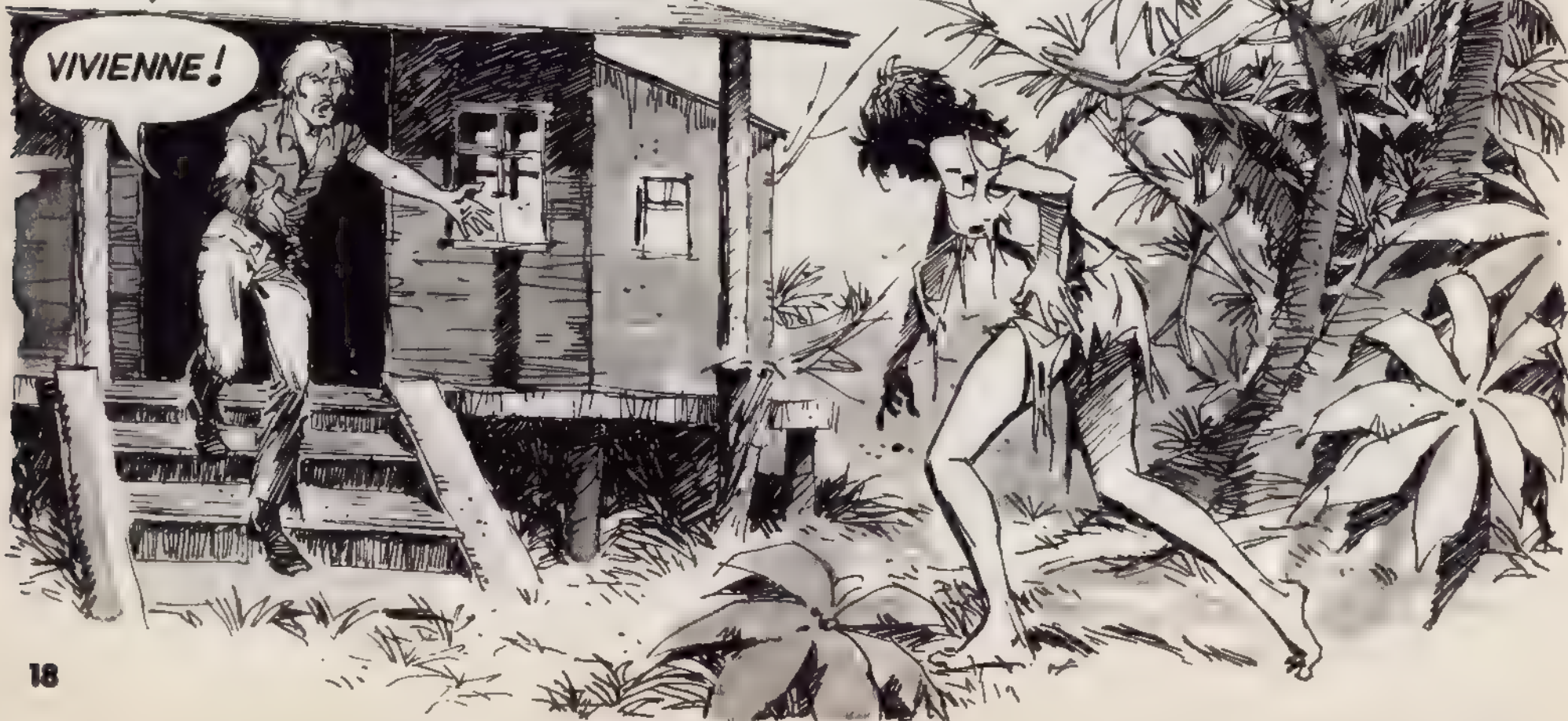



...STILL, ONE NEVER GIVES UP **HOPING!**



AS AN AWFUL, INK-LIKE BLACKNESS SEIZES ADAM VAN HELSING, THE GLOW OF DAWN COMES TO THE ISLAND, TO THE HOUSE, AND WITH IT, THE HUNTRESS COMES HOME.

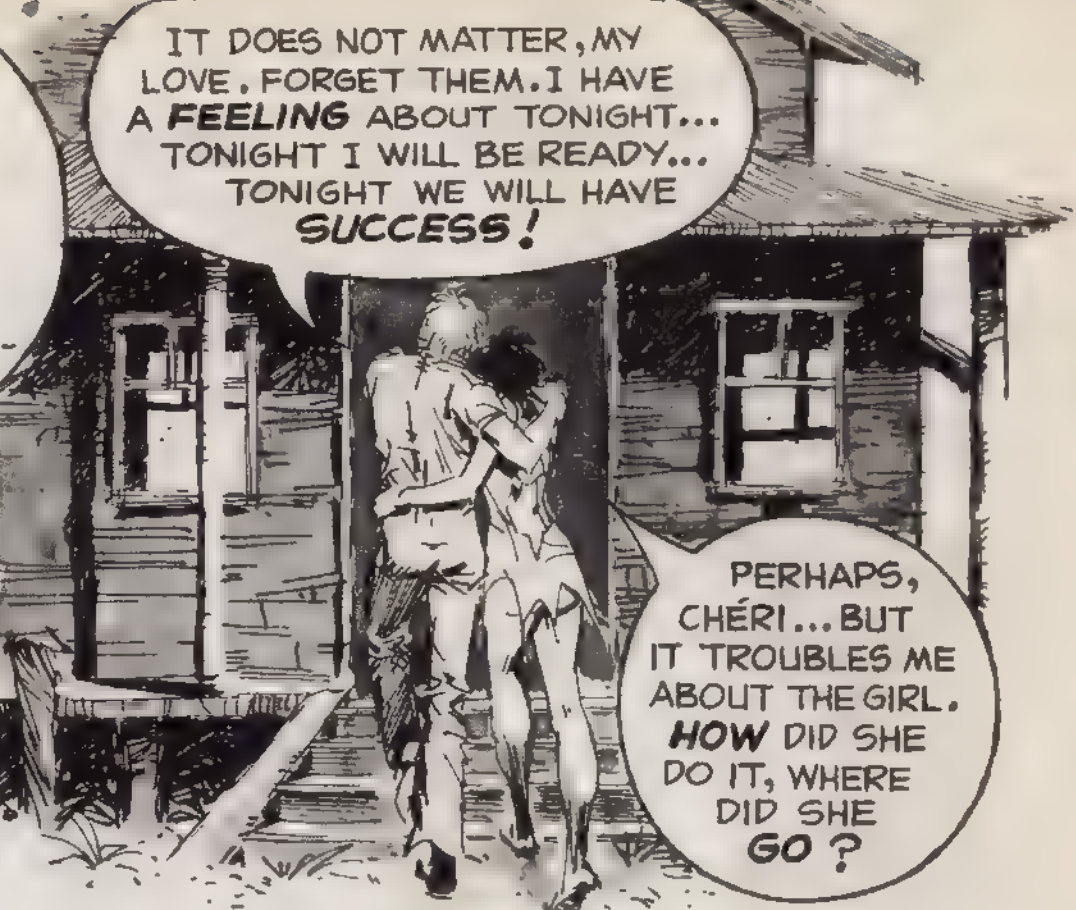
VIVIENNE!





THE OLD
MAN! IS
HE--


NO. I NEVER SAW
HIM, JEAN. A GIRL
APPEARED--PERHAPS THE
ONE THIS VAN HELSING
SEEKS--I GAVE CHASE.
BUT I COULD **NOT** CATCH
HER! FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN MONTHS,
PREY--SIMPLE PREY--
ESCAPED ME!



IT DOES NOT MATTER, MY
LOVE. FORGET THEM. I HAVE
A **FEELING** ABOUT TONIGHT...
TONIGHT I WILL BE READY...
TONIGHT WE WILL HAVE
SUCCESS!

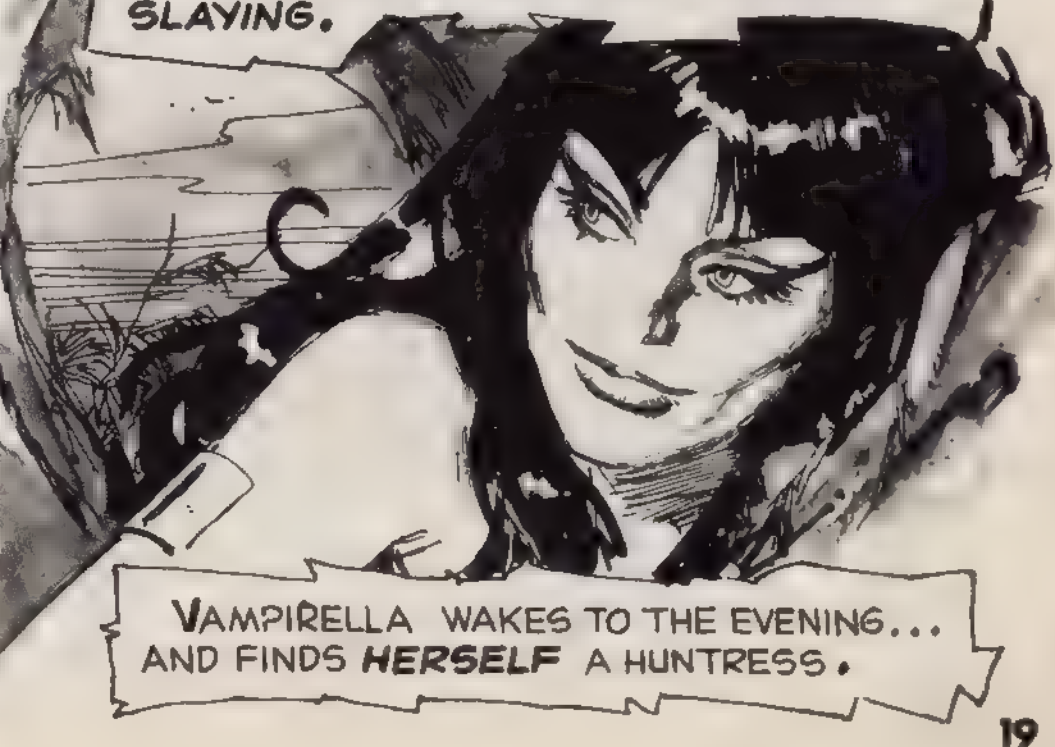

PERHAPS,
CHÉRI... BUT
IT TROUBLES ME
ABOUT THE GIRL.
HOW DID SHE
DO IT, WHERE
DID SHE
GO?

THE CAVE IS DARK AND COOL, PEACEFUL, PROTECTIVE TO ONE
WHO SLEEPS AN EXHAUSTED SLEEP. BUT IN VAMPIRELLA'S DREAMS
THE NIGHT'S CHASE GOES ON; THE SHE-WOLF PROWL AND
STRIKES, AND ONLY IN FLIGHT, ON FLEET BAT-WINGS DOES SHE
ESCAPE TO RUN AGAIN.



THE DAY WEARS ON, THE SLEEP CONTINUES.
BUT THE DREAMS CHANGE. THEY NOW ARE
OF DISTANT DRAKULON BEFORE TWIN SUNS
MADE IT DUST, THEY NOW ARE OF BLOOD--
SUSTENANCE--FLOWING IN STREAMS, IN
POOLS... THERE FOR THE DRINKING...

AND SUDDENLY IT IS EVENING. AND
DRAKULON--LIKE THE SERUM SHE TOOK THE
DAY BEFORE--IS GONE. THIS IS EARTH,
WHERE BLOOD FLOWS NOT IN STREAMS, BUT IN
LIVING BEINGS... WHERE BEFORE THE
DRINKING, THERE MUST FIRST BE THE
SLAYING.



VAMPIRELLA WAKES TO THE EVENING...
AND FINDS **HERSELF** A HUNTRESS.

ADAM VAN
HELSEING...
AWAKE.

IT IS
TIME.

TIME?
I THOUGHT
YOU HAD
ALREADY--

LAST NIGHT'S INJECTION
WAS A SEDATIVE. I WANTED
YOU FULLY RESTED, IN
PERFECT STRENGTH FOR
THE ORDEAL
AHEAD.

THEN, SIR,
MY CONSCIENCE
SHALL REMAIN
UNTRUBLED AT DOING
THIS... AS I
SUSPECT IT WOULD
HAVE ANYWAY!

PENDRAGON!

SORRY FOR THE
DELAY IN DOING THIS,
MY LAD, BUT WITHOUT
THE AID OF **SPIRITS**,
SCREWING UP MY
COURAGE IS AN ALL-DAY
AFFAIR!

GOOD-BYE,
MONSIEUR VAN
HELSEING. IN MY
OWN WAY, I AM
SORRY.

NO.
FIRST
WE'VE AN
UNPLEASANT
DUTY TO
PERFORM.

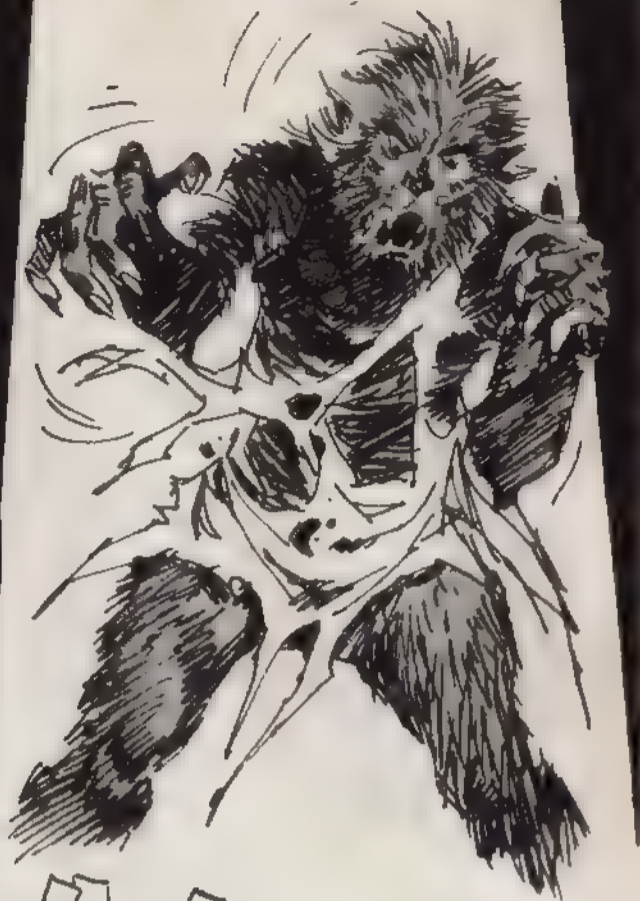
THE SMALL
AMOUNT I FOUND
WILL NOT LAST
LONG. I SUGGEST
WE FLEE
BEFORE IT
DOES!

TRY TO FIND
ONE OF JEAN'S
GUNS! I'LL BE LOOKING
FOR **SILVER...**
ANYTHING WE MIGHT
MELT DOWN TO
MAKE BULLETS, OR
PERHAPS--

WAIT!

THERE WAS A
PISTOL IN THIS DRAWER
...WITH **SILVER BULLETS**
IN THE CHAMBER! **FOUR**
OF THEM! JEAN MUST KEEP
IT AGAINST THE TIME
WHEN--

MY
BOY...



BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

RRRRRRROWWWWRRRRR

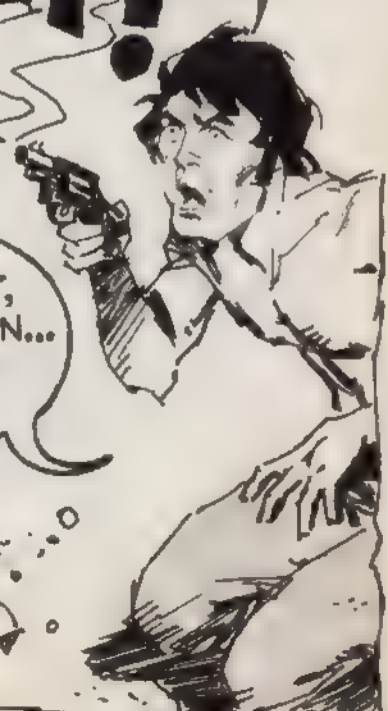


KER-RAAAASH!

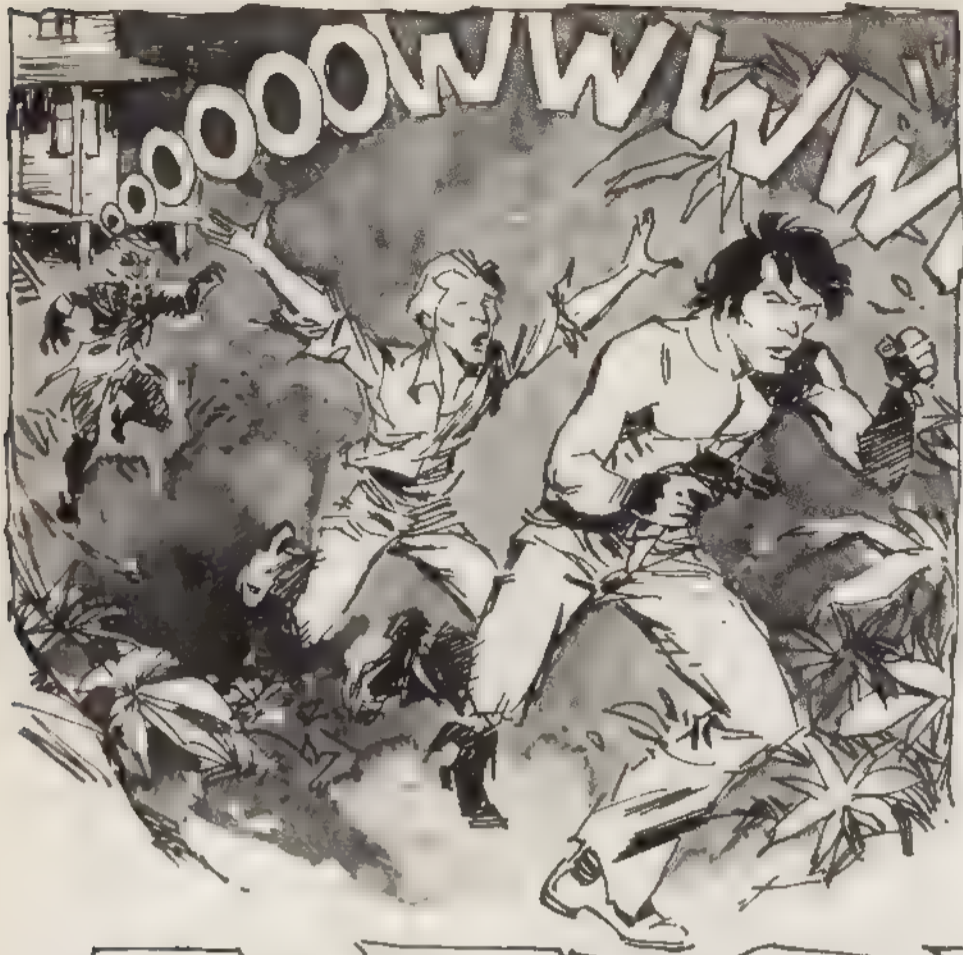
B-BULLETS
DIDN'T
PHASE
IT....!!



RUN FOR IT,
PENDRAGON...
RUN!!



TWO MEN FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES! HOWLING,
HORRIBLE DEATH AT THEIR HEELS...



AND AHEAD...THE STRANGEST OF ANGELS
TO PROTECT THEM!



FOR **THIS** ANGEL IS DRIVEN BY HER OWN HELLISH NEEDS AS WELL AS THE SPARK OF
FEELING FOR THE TWO MEN PURSUED! SHE IS NOT THE SAME REASONING CREATURE
WHO EARLIER RISKED HER LIFE TO LEAD DANGER FROM A FRIEND...



VAMPIRELLA FACES THE BESTIAL THING CHARGING HER WITH MUCH THE SAME
URGE, THE SAME BLOODLUST, AS DRIVES IT... **HUNTRESS NOW MEETS
HUNTRESS!**

WHILE BACK AT THE LABORATORY...



EVERYTHING
HAS GONE WRONG...
MUST GET
OUTSIDE AND--**PAIN!**
WHY SUCH PAIN
IN MY --

MY CHEST...
BLEEDING!
AS THOUGH
SOMETHING HAD
STABBED--

DIEU!
I FELL ON
THE
HYPODERMIC!

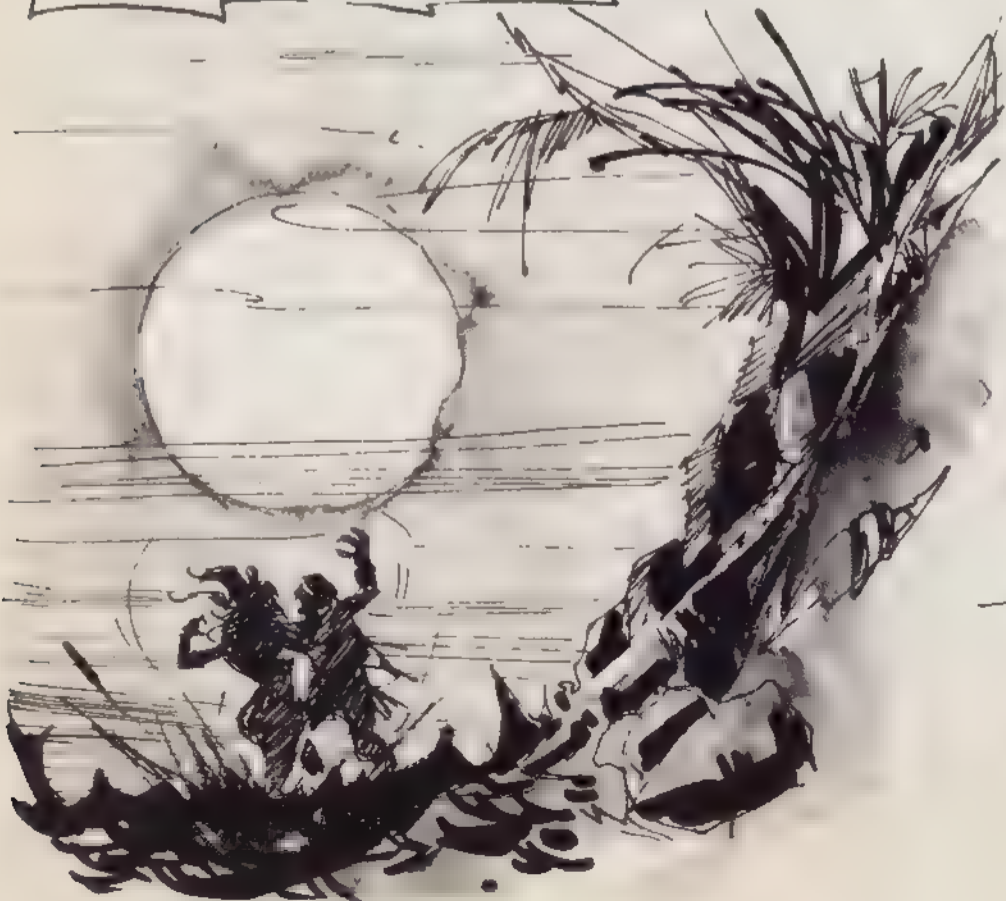


JEAN'S CRY DOES NOT CARRY BEYOND THE HOUSE, FOR THE SURROUNDING JUNGLE IS ALIVE WITH A **GREATER** SOUND... THE SOUND OF **COMBAT**, INTENSE AND UNYIELDING! COMBAT TRULY **FITTING** FOR THE WILDNESS OF THE JUNGLE SETTING... YET TOO GREAT, TOO VICIOUS, TO BE **CONTAINED** BY IT!



COMBAT WHICH CAN ONLY END WHEN **ONE** HAS TRIUMPHED...

... HAS FED ON THE LIVING BLOOD OR FLESH OF THE OTHER!



SO VAMPIRELLA STAGGERS FROM THE SURF, SATIATED... AND PERHAPS ASHAMED AT THIS VICTORY HER STAR-BORN STRENGTH AND SKILL HAVE WON. ASHAMED AT HAVING BECOME, IN ONLY FOR THOSE MOMENTS OF COMBAT, THAT WHICH SHE VOWED NOT TO BE...

AND LOST IN SUCH THOUGHTS, SHE ALMOST DOESN'T HEAR THE WARNING SHOUT THAT COMES!



WITH A SNARL, THE BEAST THAT HAD BEEN THE TORTURED JEAN **LEAPS!** THEN...

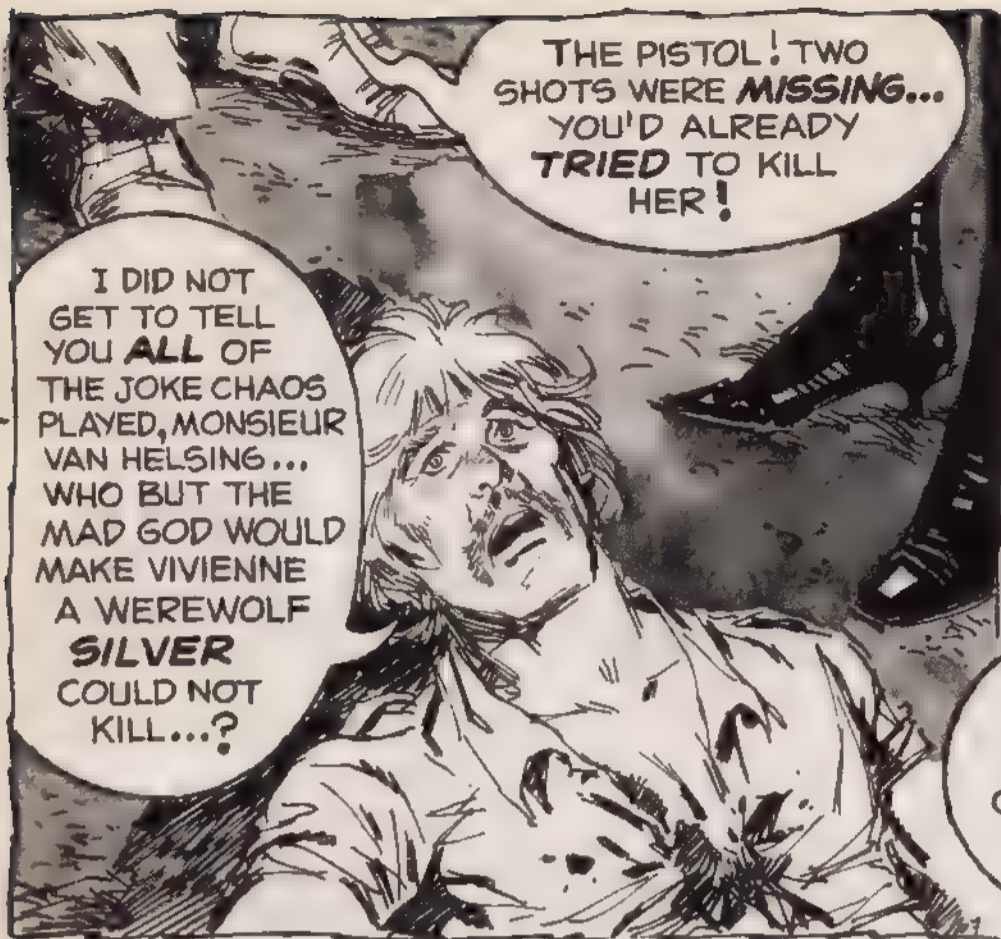
BAM!



I-I... TOLD YOU, VIVIENNE... TONIGHT WOULD BE... A **SUCCESS...**!

WHAT? WHAT'S **THAT** HE'S SAYING?





THE PISTOL! TWO SHOTS WERE **MISSING...** YOU'D ALREADY **TRIED** TO KILL HER!

I DID NOT GET TO TELL YOU **ALL** OF THE JOKE CHAOS PLAYED, MONSIEUR VAN HELSING... WHO BUT THE MAD GOD WOULD MAKE VIVIENNE A WEREWOLF **SILVER** COULD NOT KILL...?

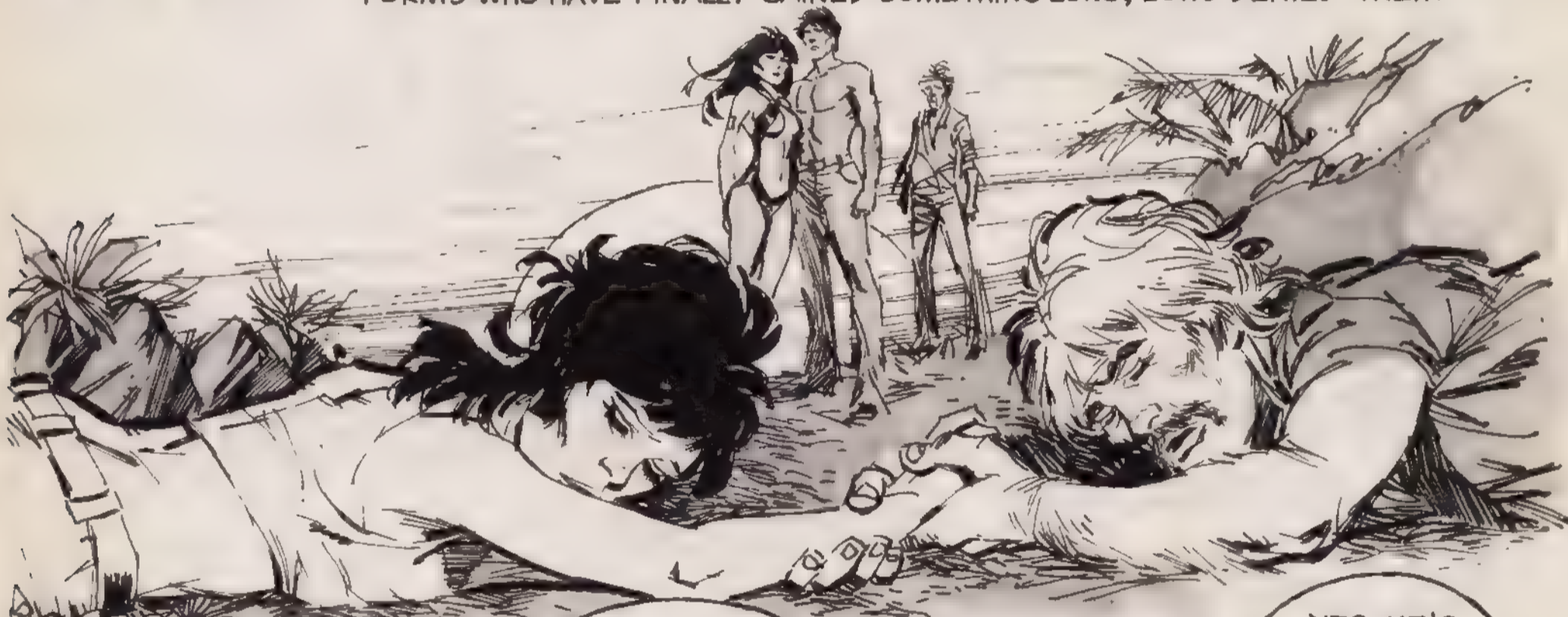


...AND **FAILED**, LONG AGO... THE INJECTIONS I WORKED ON HERE WERE TO CREATE A BEAST POWERFUL ENOUGH TO **SLAY** VIVIENNE...!

YOU SEE, THE CURE I SOUGHT... THE THING SHE HUNTED FOR... WAS **DEATH...**!

EPILOGUE:

IT ENDS AS IT BEGAN... WITH THE BEACH. ONCE MORE THE SANDS GROW BRIGHT AS THE MORNING SUN RISES. AND ITS SPREADING RAYS FALL ON TWO STILL FORMS WHO HAVE FINALLY GAINED SOMETHING LONG, LONG DENIED THEM.



THEY FOUND THEIR OWN SORT OF PEACE, VAMPIRELLA... PERHAPS SOMEDAY WE CAN FIND OURS.

I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT IF I MANAGED TO REACH YOU, THAT'S WHAT I COULD OFFER.

BUT YOUR **FATHER...** HAS HIS MIND CHANGED? OR AM I STILL A **VAMPIRE** HE MUST STALK AND SLAY?

YES. HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE, CONTINUING THE HUNT. BUT I PROMISE THIS, VAMPIRELLA... IF HE **DOES** FIND YOU, YOU WON'T FACE HIM **ALONE!**

IS THAT POSSIBLE, ADAM?



AND IN THE SUN'S BRIGHTNESS, A COUPLE, MOMENTARILY HAPPY, STILL SEE SHADOWS. SHADOWS OF A TIME WHEN FATHER AND SON MUST MEET, MUST CLASH, OVER THE GIRL CALLED... **VAMPIRELLA!**

GREEK LEGEND
TELLS US THAT THE WORLD'S
FIRST WOMAN WAS PANDORA
AND LIKE EVE, OF THE BIBLE,
SHE WAS THE CAUSE FOR
MAN'S TROUBLES—BUT WAS
SHE? KEEP AN OPEN MIND
AS YOU READ THIS TALE OF:

THE WEDDING GIFT!

MY HOME WAS OPEN TO THEM. I LOVED THEM
BOTH AND WHEN THEY CAME TO VISIT THAT
DAY, MY JOY WAS UNBOUNDED...

SO THAT IS THE
HOME OF EPIMETHEUS,
SHAPER OF THE RIVER
AND MOUNTAINS!

EPIMETHEUS IS A GOOD
FRIEND HE WILL SURELY
BLESS OUR MARRIAGE
WITH A FINE GIFT BUT
ONLY IF WE DEMAND IT
FROM HIM. GODS ADMIRE
ARROGANCE!

MIKE
PLOOG

THEY HAD ONLY TO ASK FOR WHAT THEY WISHED AND I WOULD HAVE GRANTED THEIR REQUEST GLADLY, THERE WAS NO NEED TO DEMAND A GIFT...

CHILDREN, HOW WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU VISIT ME BEFORE YOUR WEDDING. TONIGHT, WE WILL FEAST IN YOUR HONOR AND ON THE MORROW YOU WILL LEAVE WITH A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT!

UH... YES, WE JUST CAME FOR A VISIT.

YOU ARE TOO KIND. A GIFT WAS THE FARTHEST THING FROM OUR MINDS.

ALL THIS I HAVE MOLDED WITH MY OWN HANDS. IN THIS GARDEN, MAN AND WOMAN WILL LIVE IN PEACE AND HAPPINESS.

BUT WE HAVE SEEN ALL THIS BEFORE. SHOW US YOUR DEVICES FOR HADES, THE UNDERWORLD.

YOU ARE A STRANGE CREATURE, PANDORA, SO UNLIKE YOUR COMPANION-BEING IN MANY WAYS. I SHOW YOU PARADISE AND YOU WANT TO SEE HELL. VERY WELL, FOLLOW ME TO MY BASEMENT.

...AND SO I SHOWED PANDORA THAT WHICH SHE HAD REQUESTED TO SEE BUT HAD I KNOWN WHAT WOULD FOLLOW, I WOULD HAVE DENIED HER.

ALL THAT YOU SEE HERE ARE DUE FOR SHIPMENT TO THE UNDERWORLD BUT YOU NEED NEVER FEAR THEM. THERE IS TALK AMONG THE GODS OF MAKING MAN AND WOMAN IMMORTAL.

YOU SEE, REGIS. DID I NOT TELL YOU THAT EPIMETHEUS COULD CREATE HORROR AS WELL AS BEAUTY?

YES, YOU HAVE TOLD ME!

WHAT A STRANGE LOOKING JAR. WHAT DOES IT CONTAIN?

UNSPEAKABLE MONSTROSITIES FROM THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH. I AM SENDING IT TO HADES FOR SAFE KEEPING.

THERE ARE LIVING THINGS
INSIDE, I CAN SEE THEM.

PUT IT BACK,
PANDORA. WE HAVE
NO RIGHT TO TOUCH
THESE THINGS.

I WANT THIS
FOR MY
WEDDING GIFT!

IMPOSSIBLE!
LISTEN TO
REGIS AND
PUT IT BACK!

WE TRIED TO REASON WITH HER. WE TOLD
HER HOW DANGEROUS THE JAR WAS BUT
SHE WOULD NOT HEAR US! THEN...

IF I
CAN'T HAVE
THE JAR
THEN NO ONE
SHALL
HAVE IT!

...AND IT WAS
SHE WHO
RELEASED
THEM!

NO! NO! IT ISN'T
TRUE! THAT ISN'T
THE WAY IT
HAPPENED AT ALL!
YOU MUST LISTEN
TO ME!

FROM AMONG
THE SHATTERED
FRAGMENTS, CAME
THE HORRORS OF
THE PLAGUE, CRIME
AND WAR. THERE
WAS NO STOPPING
THEM ONCE THEY
WERE **FREE!**



SILENCE, WOMAN!
TRUE, I CREATED YOU
TO TORMENT MANKIND
BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE
THAT YOU WERE
CAPABLE OF SUCH
ABSOLUTE
VILLAINY!

PLEASE,
MIGHTY ZEUS...
LET ME TELL MY
VERSION OF
WHAT HAPPENED
AND YOU WILL
SEE THAT I AM
INNOCENT!



VERY WELL...
BUT REMEMBER,
THE **CYCLOPS**
AWAITS YOU
IF YOU ARE
FOUND
GUILTY!

I UNDERSTAND
AND I WILL SPEAK
ONLY THE TRUTH.

*I REMEMBER THAT DAY CLEARLY. WE, REGIS AND I,
WERE LOOKING OVER OUR WEDDING GIFTS
AND I WAS ESPECIALLY CURIOUS ABOUT THE
ONE EPIMETHEUS SENT US...*



I
WONDER WHY
EPIMETHEUS
TOLD US NOT
TO OPEN HIS
GIFT UNTIL OUR
WEDDING
DAY?

I'LL ASK
HIM WHEN I
SEE HIM
TONIGHT.



IF THIS IS A CELEBRATION,
THEN WHY CAN I NOT GO
WITH YOU? IS NOT MY
PLACE BY YOUR SIDE?

IN THIS
CASE, IT
IS NOT!



THEN WHERE IS
MY PLACE?

THE GODS
AND I WILL
DECIDE THAT,
BUT NOT YOU!



*I SUPPOSE IT WAS WRONG BUT
I ONLY WANTED TO SEE THE
CELEBRATION AND SO I FOLLOWED
REGIS TO THE HALL...*

THEN I DISGUISED MYSELF AS A SERVANT AND WALKED AMONG THE GUESTS. I ONLY WANTED TO BE WITH THEM TO ENJOY THE STORIES AND JOKES BUT INSTEAD I OVERHEARD A PLOT.

PANDORA IS ALREADY BEGINNING TO GIVE ME TROUBLE. SHE CONSIDERS HERSELF TO BE MY EQUAL. I WANT TO TEACH HER A LESSON.

AND SO YOU SHALL. THE GIFT I GAVE YOU CONTAINS BLESSINGS BUT IF YOU OPEN IT TOO SOON, THE BLESSINGS WILL REVERSE THEMSELVES!

EVERYONE HERE IS TOO FULL OF WINE TO REMEMBER IF YOU LEAVE THE HALL. GO HOME AND OPEN THE BOX. PANDORA WILL BE BLAMED FOR YOUR ACT.

I WILL DO IT!

ENOUGH! REGIS, YOU WILL TELL US WHO SPEAKS THE TRUTH. YOU MUST NOT LIE EITHER TO PROTECT YOURSELF OR ANOTHER. THE PUNISHMENT FOR LYING IS SEVERE.

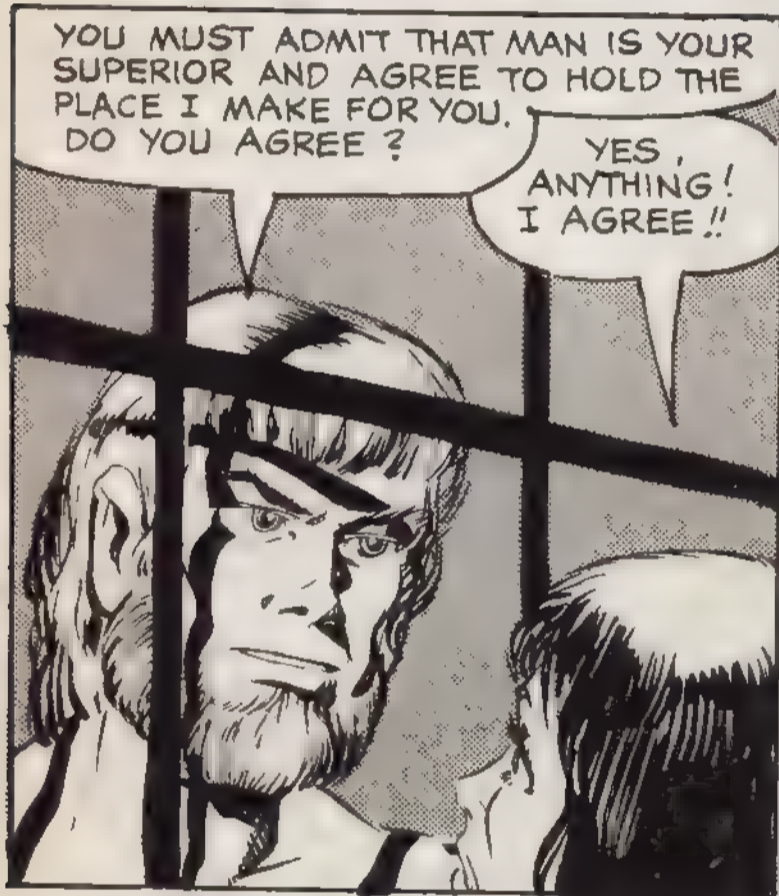
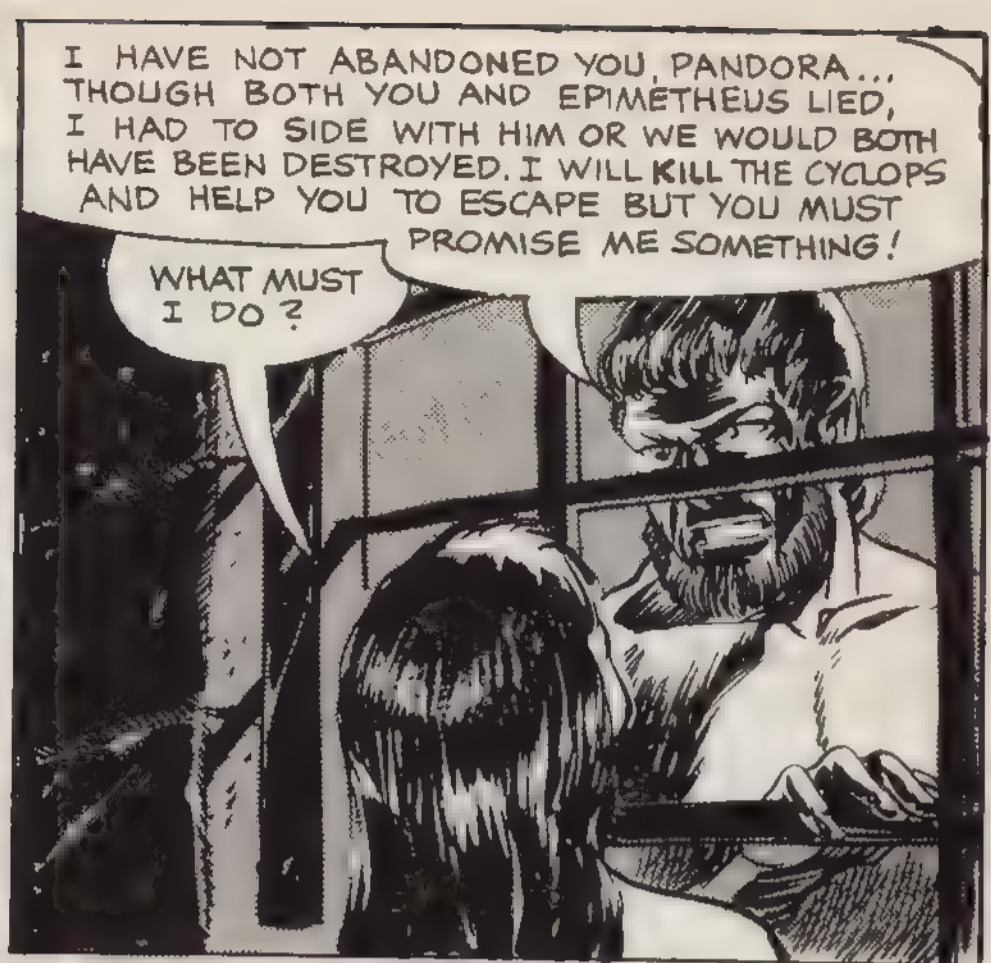
I WILL FORGIVE YOU REGIS IF ONLY YOU WILL SPEAK THE TRUTH NOW.

EPIMETHEUS TELLS THE TRUE TALE!

LIAR! HE'S LYING! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? I LOVED YOU! I HATE YOU NOW!

BRING HER TO THE CYCLOPS!

WHAT A SHAME, SWEETHEART, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAD PROMISE BUT MAYBE WE'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT WOMEN. WHAT GOOD IS A CREATURE WHO DOESN'T KNOW HER PLACE?



THIS WAY, PANDORA. THERE ARE HORSES WAITING FOR US OUTSIDE!

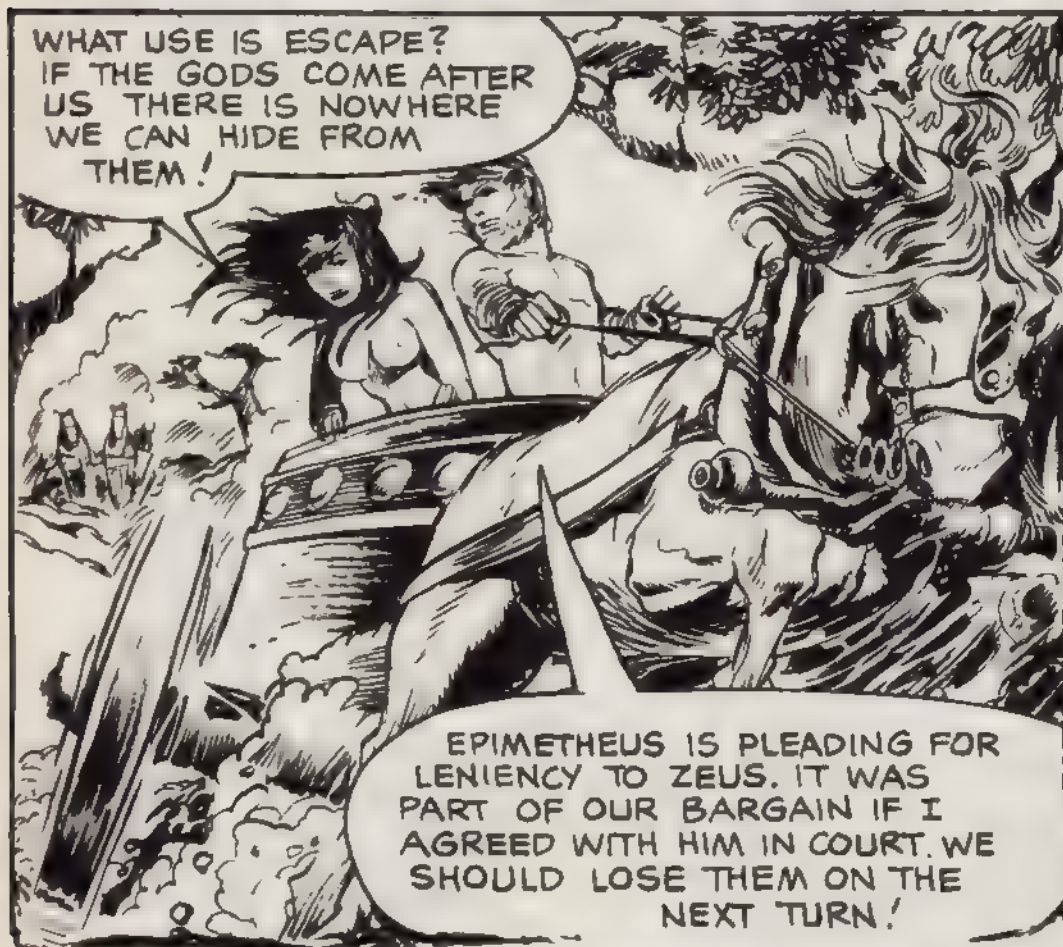


THEIR ESCAPE WENT WELL UNTIL THEY REACHED THE COURTYARD WHERE A GROUP OF SOLDIERS WERE ON THEIR WAY TO RELIEVE GUARDS...

THE CHARIOT IS BEHIND YOU! GET ON AS I DRIVE BY!



WHAT USE IS ESCAPE? IF THE GODS COME AFTER US THERE IS NOWHERE WE CAN HIDE FROM THEM!



EPIMETHEUS IS PLEADING FOR LENIENCY TO ZEUS. IT WAS PART OF OUR BARGAIN IF I AGREED WITH HIM IN COURT. WE SHOULD LOSE THEM ON THE NEXT TURN!

THIS WAS ALL A PLOT TO HAVE ME DISCREDITED BEFORE THE GODS AND MAKE ME A SLAVE TO YOU.

YOU MADE A BARGAIN WITH ME AND YOU MUST STAY WITH IT! YOU WILL NOT FIND ME A CRUEL MASTER!



YOU HAVE TRICKED ME AND I MUST BE YOUR SLAVE AS THE BARGAIN DEMANDS BUT NO SLAVE WILL EVER BE SATISFIED WITH HIS MASTER, NO MATTER HOW KIND HE MAY BE. SOMEDAY, I WILL BE LIBERATED FROM THIS BARGAIN!



AND IT MAY JUST BE THAT PANDORA'S DAY HAS COME AT LAST...



THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN MARINELLA WHO KNOWS NOTHING OF WARFARE, ADDS A BIT OF SPICE TO THE GAME — AND ENDS IT....

.... FOR THREE DAYS NOW HER SOLDIERS HAVE BEEN DEFENDING THE CASTLE AND CITY OF FLORENTOSA.... FIGHTING BACK HOPELESSLY AGAINST A MAGIC ARMY... THE EVIL HORDE OF YEKKUN, THE MAGIC WARRIOR KING.

FEARFUL FOR THE LIVES OF HER SUBJECTS, THE GOOD QUEEN PLEADS WITH HER GENERALS TO SURRENDER AND ASK FOR MERCY...

...WERE WE TO SURRENDER WE WOULD SURELY DIE ON OUR KNEES — IN CHAINS..... FOR YEKKUN IS A **BUTCHER!** HE POSSESSES MAGICAL POWERS THAT MAKE HIM **AND** HIS FOLLOWERS INVINCIBLE!! WE KNOW **WE** ARE LOST, O QUEEN, BUT YOU — FLEE! WE IMPLORE YOU — FLEE, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

THE SWORD OF LIGHT




BUT THE QUEEN DOES NOT FLEE....




THE CASTLE DEFENSES CRUMBLE...



AND YEKKUN, THE MAGIC WARRIOR
KING ENTERS FLORENTOSA....



STRAIGHTAWAY HE MAKES FOR THE THRONE
ROOM....FOR HE HAS HEARD MUCH OF THE
BEAUTY OF QUEEN MARINELLA....



....HE ENTERS THE QUEEN'S QUARTERS
CAUTIOUSLY...BLADE UNSHEATHED...FEAR-
FUL LEST SHE BE ARMED.



BUT THE QUEEN IS UNARMED AND DOES NOT RESIST—INSTEAD, WITH FEAR CLUTCHING AT HER HEART, SHE OFFERS HERSELF IN EXCHANGE FOR THE LIVES OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE!

FOOL!

THE CITY IS MINE TO DO AS I PLEASE—**YOU** ARE MINE, I MAKE THE TERMS!

I YEKKUN, THE MAGIC WARRIOR KING, DECLARE THIS AN OPEN CITY—
YOU DO NOT GIVE—
I TAKE!

THUS IT WAS THAT THE SOLDIERS OF YEKKUN RAPED THE CITY OF FLORENTOSA—PUTTING IT TO THE TORCH AND MURDERING ITS INHABITANTS.

...AND THE QUEEN IS CAST INTO A BLACK HOLE....

WHILE THE CITY BURNS — A
MAN STRUGGLES TO THE
HEIGHTS OF KAIN WHERE DWELLS
THE WITCH OF TOLRAH... SOME-
HOW THIS MAN ESCAPED THE
SLAUGHTER....SOMEHOW ONLY HE
OF ALL THE VALIANT DEFENDERS
REMAINS ALIVE.

....IT IS CALLAS, FIRST GENERAL OF FLORENTOSA. LOUD
AND LONG HAD HE BOASTED OF HIS LOVE FOR THE
QUEEN....WITH PASSION DID HE SWEAR TO DIE FOR HIS
QUEEN....BUT THAT WAS IN A TIME OF PEACE!

I KNOW THAT WHICH
YOU SEEK — TO FREE
YOUR QUEEN — VERY WELL,
COWARD!! BUT ONLY BECAUSE
I WISH TO SEE **YEKKUN DEAD!**
HAH! THE **MAGIC WARRIOR**
KING INDEED! PAH!!


NOW — AH YES, NOW!...
..WITH HIS COMRADES.
PIERCED BY ARROW
AND SWORD, BLOODIED
AND DYING HE RAN!...
CALLAS, FIRST GENERAL
OF FLORENTOSA RAN!!
AND CALLAS THE
COWARD ESCAPED....

**WITCH! COME
FORTH! I,
CALLAS OF
FLORENTOSA
COMMAND!**

HAH! CALLAS
OF FLORENTOSA
COMMANDS! CALLAS
THE **COWARD** OF
FLORENTOSA!


THIS RING MUST BE
PLACED ON THE QUEEN'S
FINGER WHILE SHE SLEEPS. I SHALL
CHANGE YOUR FORM TO THAT OF A
RAT SO YOU MAY ENTER THE
CASTLE UNSEEN! BUT A **RAT**
YOU MUST BE! A **RAT** YOU
MUST REMAIN....FOR
ETERNITY!

AND THE WITCH TOLRAH CAST HER SPELL.




CALLAS! CALLAS! OH BRAVE,
YOUNG, STRONG CALLAS! IF
ONLY YOUR QUEEN KNEW....
WITH PASSION DID YOU SWEAR
ALLEGIANCE—WITH PASSION
DO YOU NOW GIVE YOUR
VERY SOUL....

THUS FOR ALL ETERNITY, CALLAS IS
TRANSFORMED INTO A RAT—

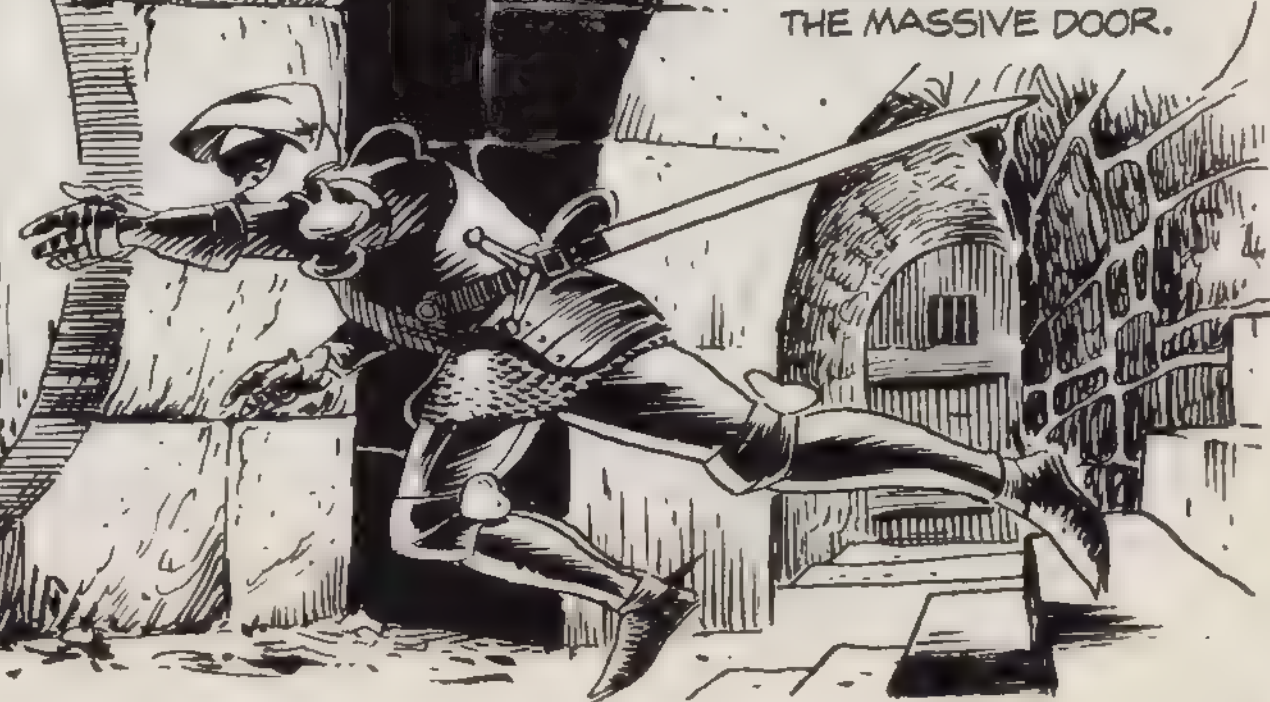


LATER....CARRYING THE RING, HE
SLIPS UNNOTICED INTO THE QUEEN'S
CELL.



BUT THE QUEEN —
UNAWARE IT IS CALLAS
COME TO SAVE HER —
SCREAMS AND FAINTS
AT THE SIGHT OF THE
LOATHSOME
CREATURE.

...FOR ONE PRECIOUS
MOMENT CALLAS GAZES
ON HER BEAUTY.



WHILE YEKKUN
OUTSIDE THE CELL,
ON HEARING HER
SCREAM....LEAPS TO
THE MASSIVE DOOR.

SWIFTLY NOW, CALLAS, AS INSTRUCTED BY THE WITCH TOLRAH
SLIPS THE RING ON QUEEN MARINELLA'S FINGER
AND WHISPERS AN INCANTATION IN HER
EAR AS SHE SLEEPS....



...BARELY IN TIME, FOR YEKKUN BURSTS IN, SWORD UNSHEATHED,
CURSING WILDLY.... AND SEES A RAT....

POOR CALLAS, FOR AN INSTANT HE
FORGETS WHAT HE IS AND STANDS AS A
MAN, READY TO DO BATTLE.....

A CHAIN MAIL BOOT SMASHES
DOWN!! CRUSHING HIM!! AND
YEKKUN IS STARTLED, FOR THE
RAT'S CRY IS ALMOST HUMAN!



ARRGH!
A RAT!... I
WOULD PREFER
IT TO BE A
MAN!

YEKKUN TURNS.... AWARE OF THE QUEEN'S NEARNESS....
SHE IS KNEELING AT HIS FEET!

WONDER OF WONDERS..
...THE MERE DEATH OF
A RAT? SHE IS
GRATEFUL.... SHE
BECKONS TO ME!



YEKKUN STEPS CLOSER AS HIS WARRIORS
LOOK ON IN ANTICIPATION....



ARMS OUTSTRETCHED APPEALINGLY,
QUEEN MARINELLA SLOWLY RISES...



...AND NOW SHE STANDS FULL BEFORE HIM...
BATHED IN A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT.

....BUT SUDDENLY—ON STRIKING THE RING, THE LIGHT BECOMES A SWORD!

...THE BLADE FLASHES DOWN...CRACKING THE ARMOR OPEN AS YOU
WOULD A NUT TO EXPOSE ITS MEAT — *THUS* DID YEKKUN THE MAGIC
WARRIOR KING DIE BY THE SWORD OF LIGHT!



AND HIS FOLLOWERS ARE TRANSFIXED — HORRIFIED —
UNABLE TO MOVE — FOR THEY KNOW WHAT IS TO
COME NEXT...AS SECONDS LATER....

....THEY ARE TORN ASUNDER!!



...FOR THE MAGIC ONCE BESTOWED UPON THEM
BY YEKKUN TO PROTECT THEM IN BATTLE, NOW SEEKS TO ESCAPE THEIR BODIES!

AND CALLAS? MARINELLA GAZES DOWN AT THE TWISTED, BROKEN FORM OF THE MAN WHO
HAS FREED HER — CALLAS! CALLED COWARD AND DOOMED TO LIVE FOREVER AS A RAT—
HE TOO HAS FOUND FREEDOM....THE FREEDOM OF DEATH!!



CALLAS WAS
A BUST RIGHT
TO THE END!
BUT QUEENIE
TURNED OUT
TO BE QUITE
THE
CUT-UP, EH?





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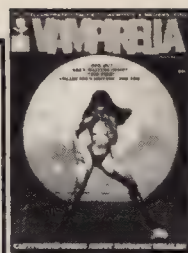
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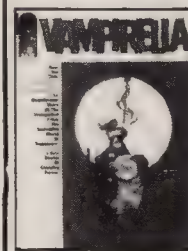
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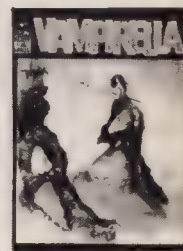
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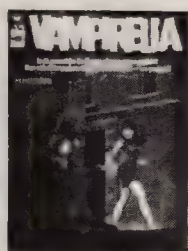
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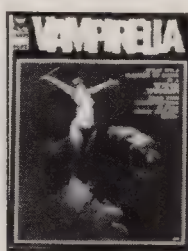
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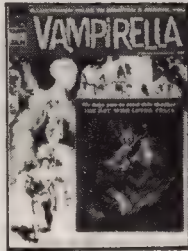
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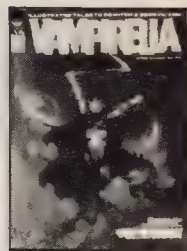
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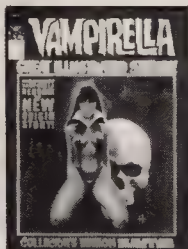
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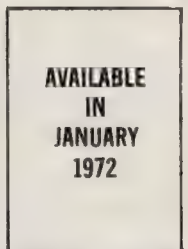
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A TRAVELING CARNIVAL, FRIENDS! DOC GIVES HIS SPIEL TO THE LOCAL YOKELS! HARMLESS ENTERTAINMENT, OR IS IT?

IN THE VAST, SOUTHERN SALT MARSHES, WHERE PIRATES ONCE MARKED THEIR SECRET HOARDS WITH BLOODY SKULLS, MEDDLING MORTALS SHOULD THINK TWICE BEFORE HUNTING...

DEADMAN'S TREASURE!

...AND IT IS *TRUE!* TO TRAVEL IN TIME, ALL I REQUIRE IS *ONE* WILLING SUBJECT!

A MAN, WHO WILL ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE *PAINLESSLY* HYPNOTIZED, SO THAT WE *ALL* CAN EXPLORE THE MYSTERIES OF *REINCARNATION!*

YOU AIN'T MAKING NO *SPOOK* OUT OF ME!

THE DOC WANTS A BIG, THINKING MAN! GET ERNIE!

YEAH, ERNIE!

LET'S SKIP THIS HICK SHOW, BABY!

OH, PLEASE, GRANT!

EXPERIENCE
TIME TRAVEL



HE AIN'T GONNA HURT YOU!

SUPPOSE OLD ERNIE *PROVES* WE ALL DID COME FROM MONKEYS?

THAT'S IT, MR. JOHNSON...RELAX!
YOU ARE GOING DEEPER! FARTHER
BACK, TO ANOTHER TIME,
ANOTHER SELF...

CURLED
TUSKS? YOU
HUNTED WOOLLY
MAMMOTHS? AND
THEN SERVED HIS
MAJESTY, LOUIS THE
XIV OF FRANCE!...
EXCELLENT!

NOW COME
CLOSER! THE
SHIMMER PARTS
...IT GROWS DARK
...YOU ARE?

MARY O'HARE!
I SCRUB THE
MARBLE FLOORS
OF HIS LORDSHIP...
COLONEL CUMMING!

IT'S ALL
AN ACT!

HA-HA-HA!

ANOTHER LIFE?!

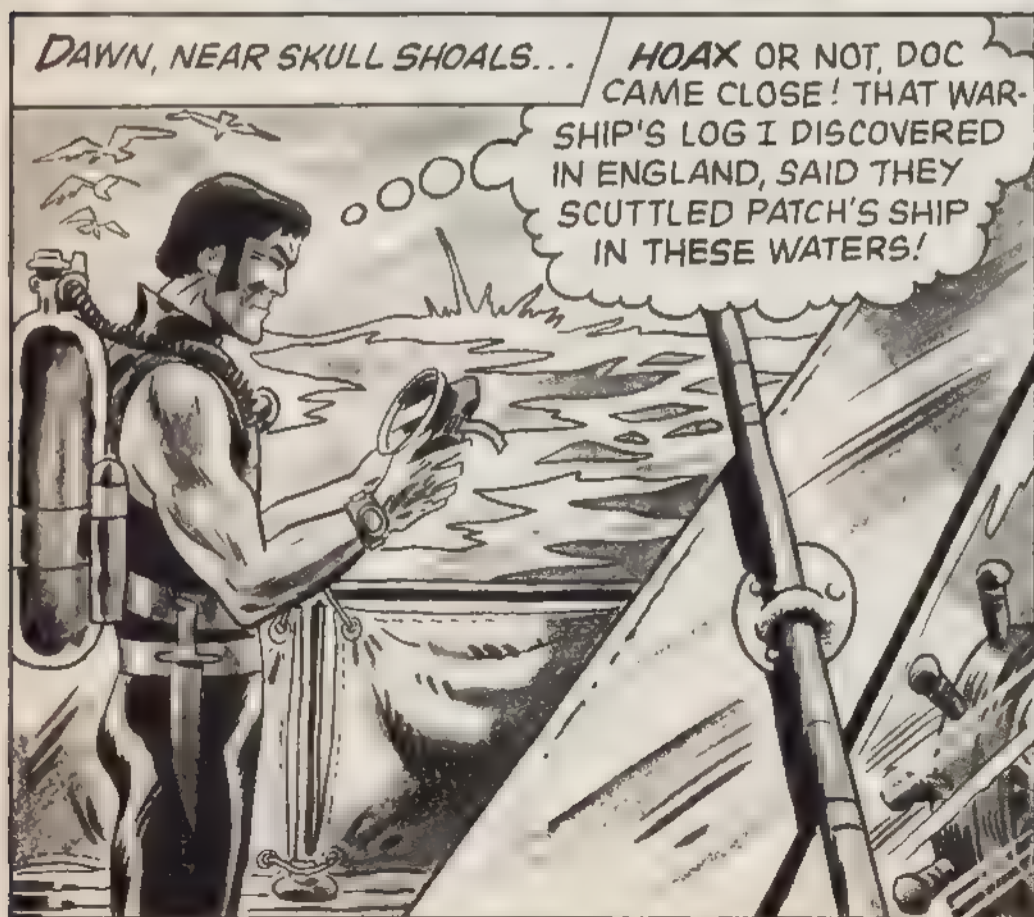
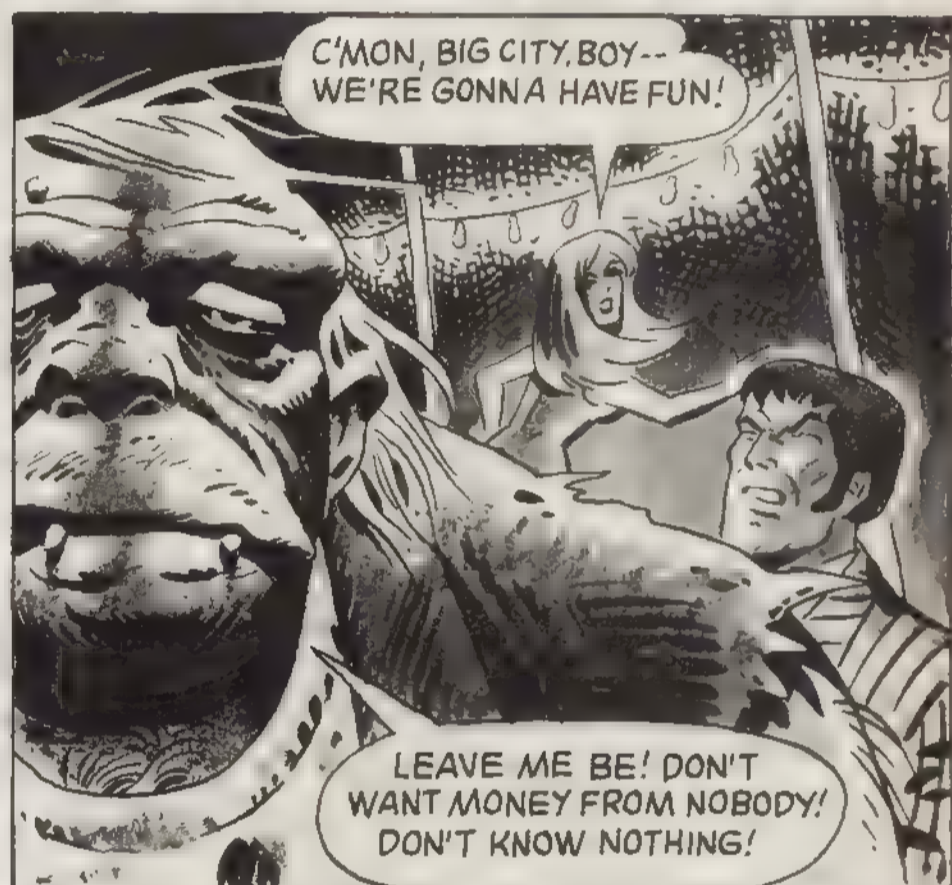
FIGHT, YE JELLY-
FISH! CAPTAIN PATCH WILL
NEVER BE TAKEN ALIVE!

YOUR CANNON BURST!
THE SHOAL'S ARE
CLOSE!

YE COME FOR ME
HEAD? I'LL SEE YE
IN 50 FATHOMS OF
HELL FIRST!

NO
QUARTER!
ARRUGH!

BAM!



BUT AFTER DESPERATE
DIVES...

JUNK!
CANNON BALLS,
PLATES-- PATCH'S
SHIP SHOULD HAVE
BEEN THE BIGGEST
TREASURE HAUL OF
THE CENTURY!

IF ONLY
THAT QUACK
DOC COULD
BRING PATCH
BACK!

THAT NIGHT...

BUT YOU DID RECALL A
HUNGRY CHILD! PERHAPS
AN ANCIENT *ROMAN* CHILD!

DOC'S
PUSHING! WHERE'S
BABBLING BOY?

TIME TRAVEL

THE SHOW'S OVER, FRIEND!

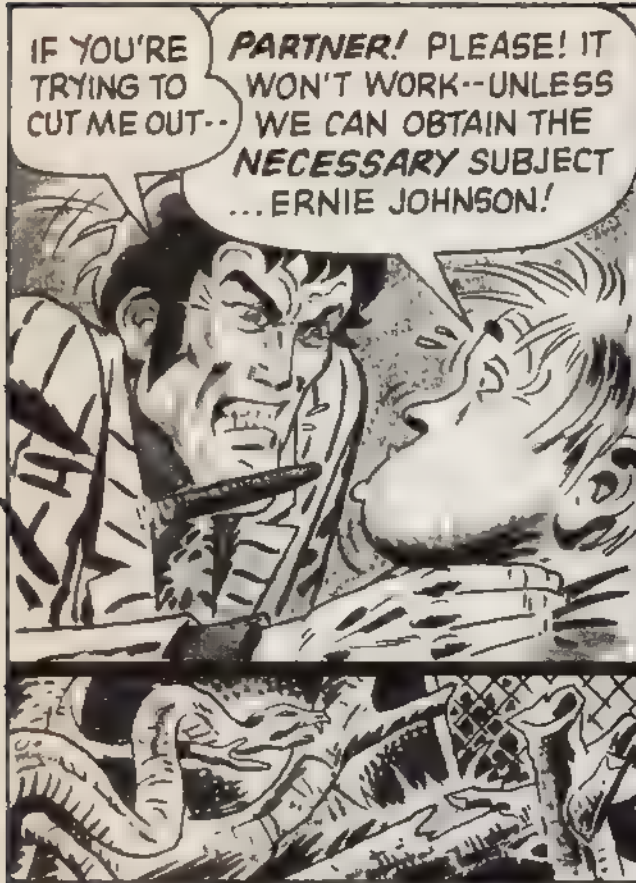
NOT FOR A STUDENT
OF HISTORY WHO BROUGHT
HIS OWN *BOTTLE*!

A PERFORMANCE LIKE
LAST NIGHT? IF THEY
WERE ALL THAT GOOD
I COULD CHARGE HUN-
DREDS OF DOLLARS!

PENNIES, DOC!
ONE SESSION MY
WAY CAN MAKE
YOU A MILLION-
AIRE!

YOU JUST PUT ME
IN A TRANCE... ASK
THE PIRATE PATCH
WHERE HE STASHED
HIS LOOT AND WE
SHARE A KING'S
RANSOM!

IT
WON'T
WORK!



IF YOU'RE TRYING TO CUT ME OUT--

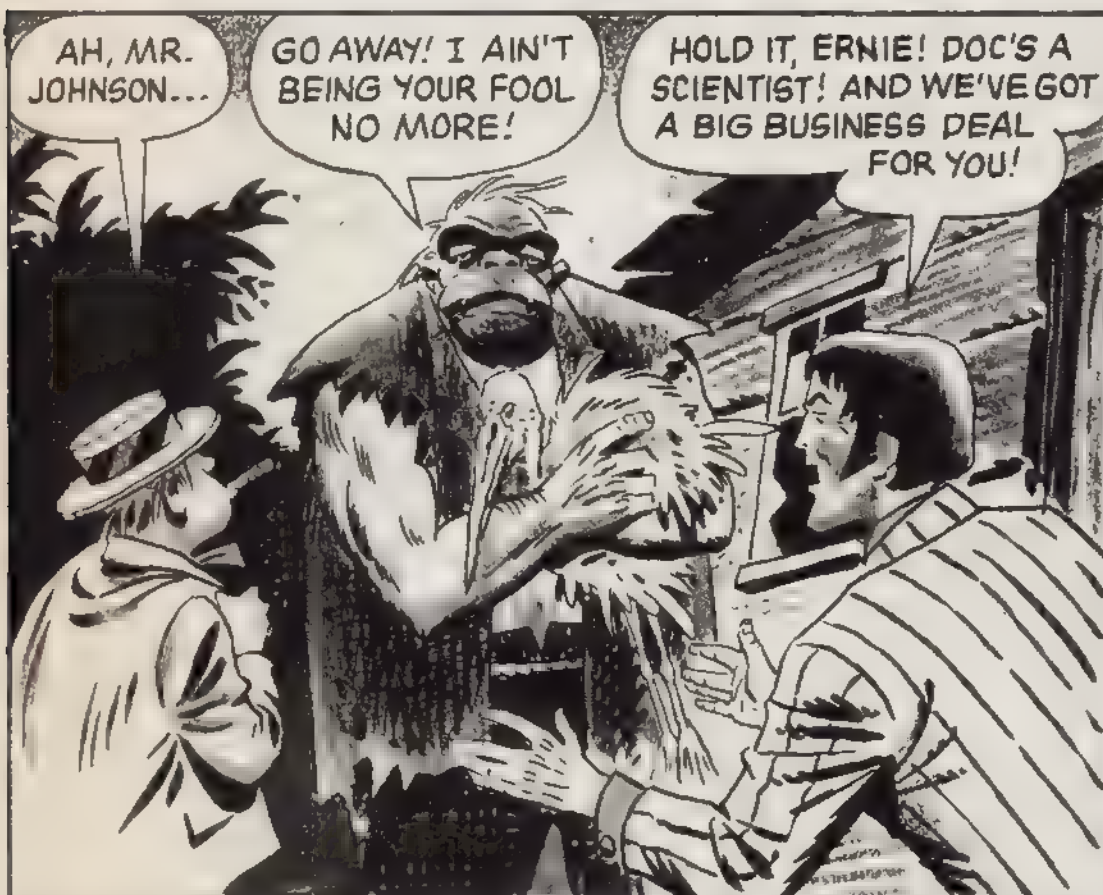
PARTNER! PLEASE! IT WON'T WORK--UNLESS WE CAN OBTAIN THE **NECESSARY SUBJECT** ...**ERNIE JOHNSON!**

THE NEXT DAY...



IT STINKS LIKE A **SLAUGHTER HOUSE!**

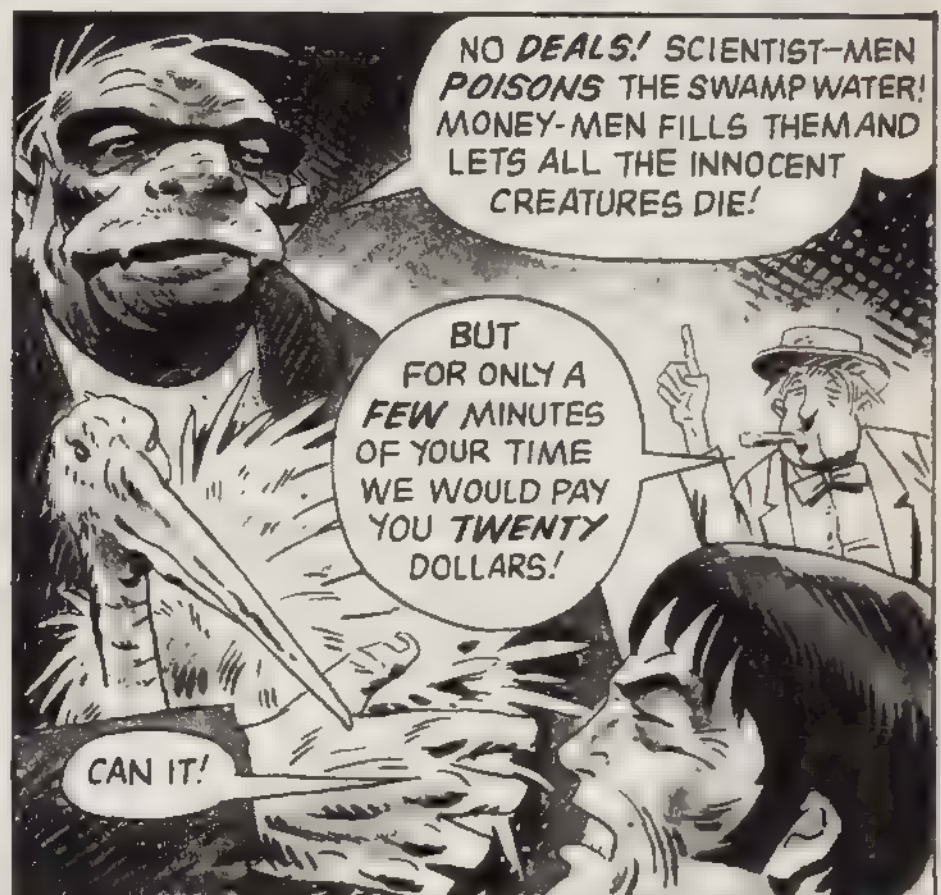
APPARENTLY, FRIEND **ERNIE** RUNS A **HOSPITAL** FOR ALL THE DENIZENS OF THE **SWAMP!**



AH, MR. **JOHNSON**...

GO AWAY! I **AIN'T** BEING YOUR **FOOL** NO MORE!

HOLD IT, **ERNIE!** **DOC'S** A **SCIENTIST!** AND WE'VE GOT A **BIG BUSINESS DEAL** FOR YOU!



NO DEALS! **SCIENTIST-MEN** **POISONS** THE **SWAMP WATER!** **MONEY-MEN** **FILLS** THEM AND LETS ALL THE **INNOCENT CREATURES** **DIE!**

BUT FOR ONLY A **FEW MINUTES** OF YOUR TIME WE WOULD PAY YOU **TWENTY DOLLARS!**

CAN IT!



DOC AND I ARE GOING TO FIND A **FORTUNE!** WE'RE OFFERING YOU AN **EQUAL SHARE!**

DON'T NEED NO **MONEY!**

NOT EVEN TO **BUY** THIS **SWAMP** AND SAVE ALL THE **HELPLESS CREATURES?**... **THINK ABOUT IT!**



YOU'RE GIVING THAT **ZOMBIE** A **ONE THIRD SHARE?**

NO! AFTER WE FIND THE **GOLD**, YOU PUT **NATURE BOY** INTO ONE **FINAL TRANCE...** AND WE STILL **SPLIT TWO WAYS!**

SLOWLY DEATH'S SEAL OF SILENCE IS BROKEN...

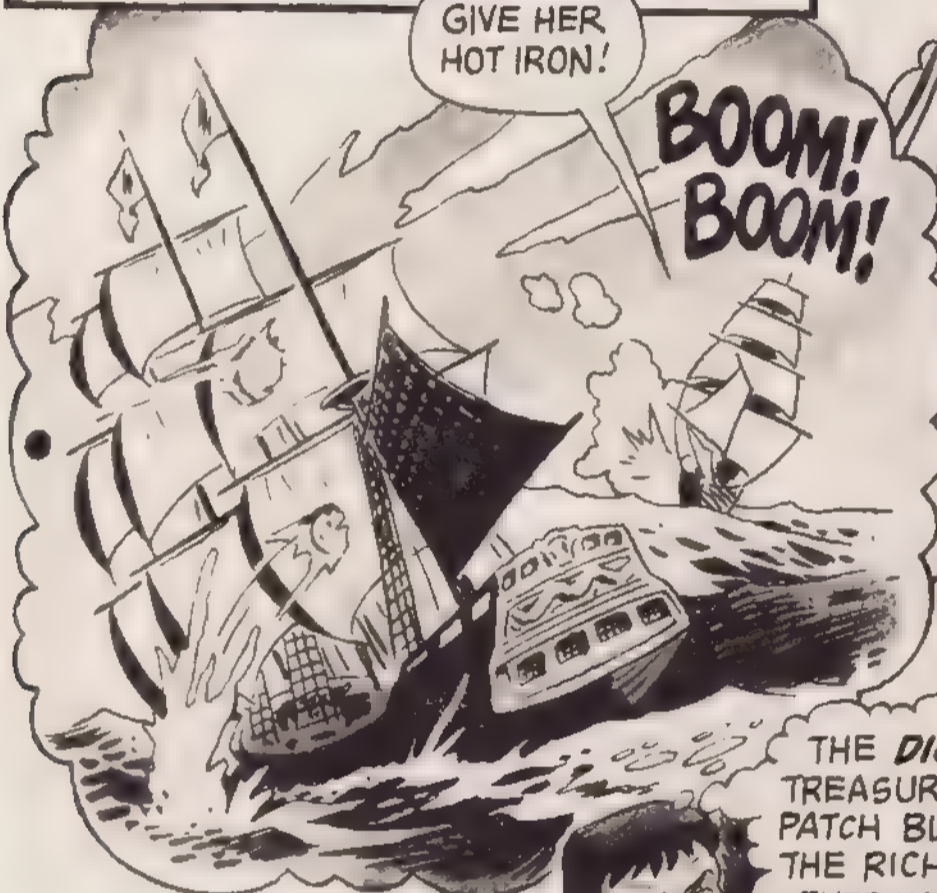
DEEPER... PATCH? CAPTAIN PATCH! YOU ARE BOUND FOR PORT! THE LOOKOUT SIGHTS A SHIP! THE MAN-OF-WAR?

NAY! SPANISH MERCHANT!



GIVE HER HOT IRON!

**BOOM!
BOOM!**



THE **DIGOTA** TREASURE SHIP?! OLD PATCH BLUNDERED ON TO THE RICHEST PRIZE THAT EVER WEIGHED ANCHOR!

LEAVE NO MOUTHS TO HANG YE!



IT'S THE KING HISSELF!

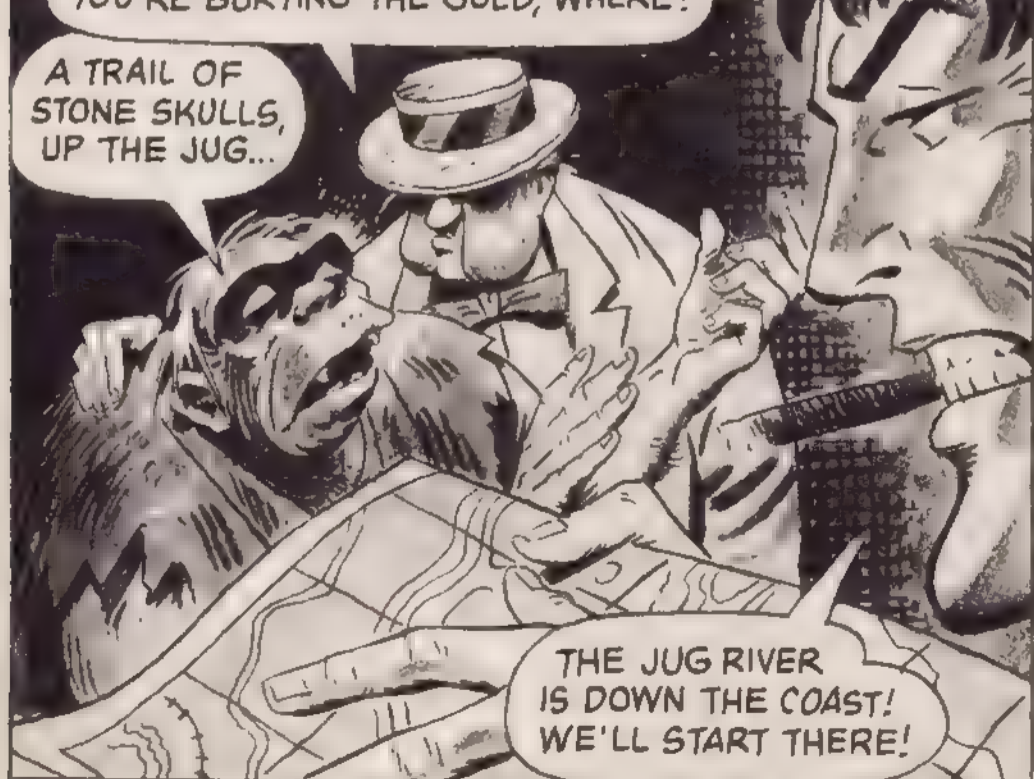
I AM SEÑOR DIGOTA! MY DAUGHTER, LOUISA, IS TO MARRY THE VICEROY! HER DOWRY IS WORTHY OF **THREE KINGS!** TAKE IT AND LET US LIVE!

SEÑOR, I WILL TAKE THE GOLD AND THE **WRENCH!** YOU, I'LL GIVE TO THE **SHARKS!**



YOU'RE BURYING THE GOLD, WHERE?

A TRAIL OF STONE SKULLS, UP THE JUG...



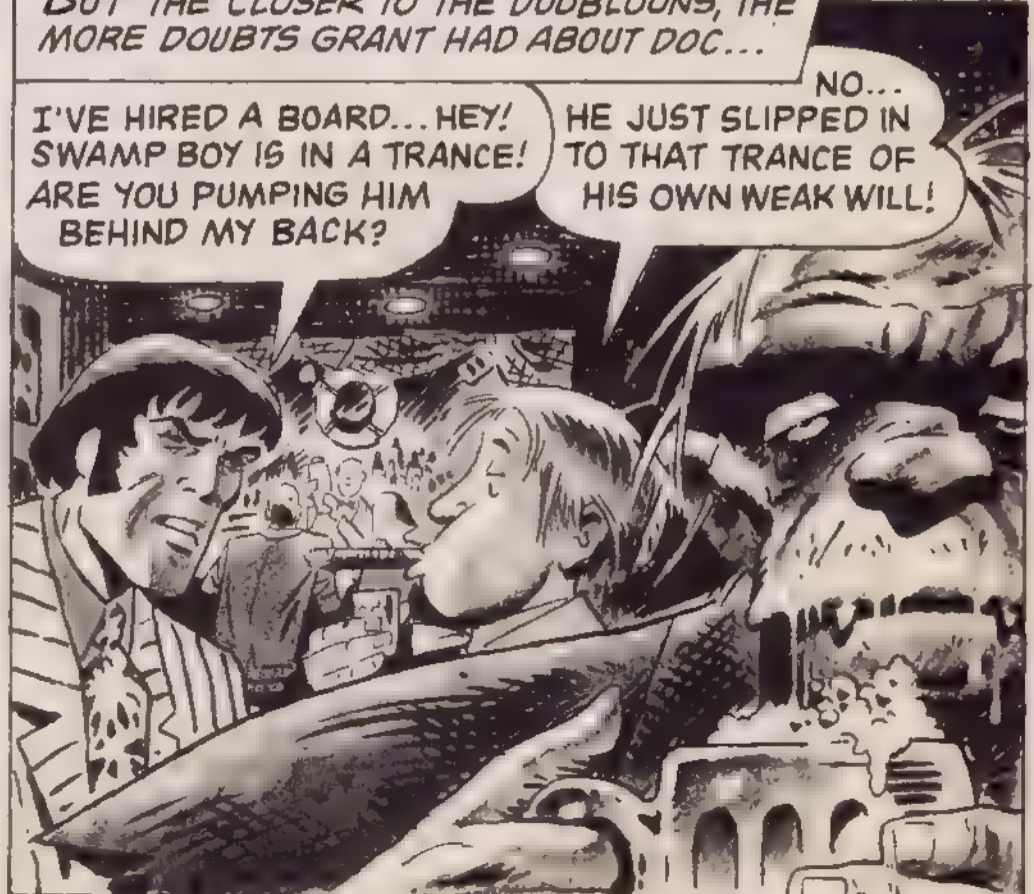
THE JUG RIVER IS DOWN THE COAST! WE'LL START THERE!

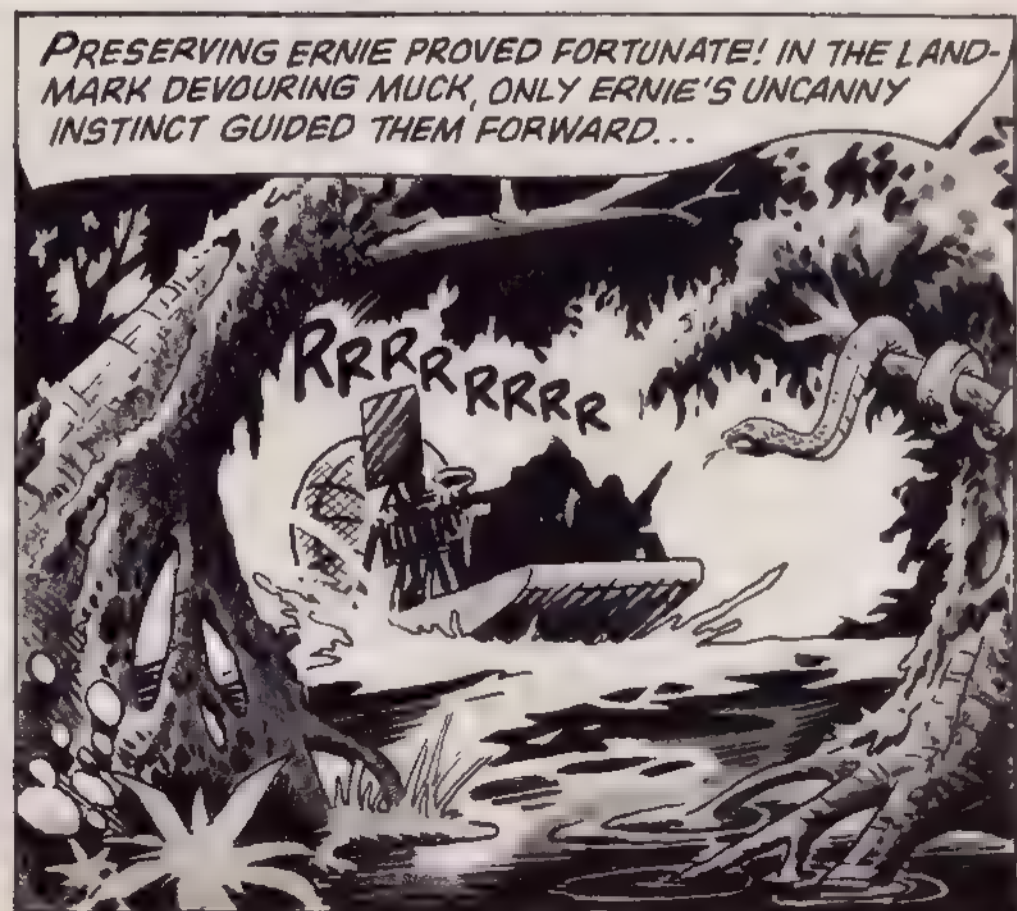
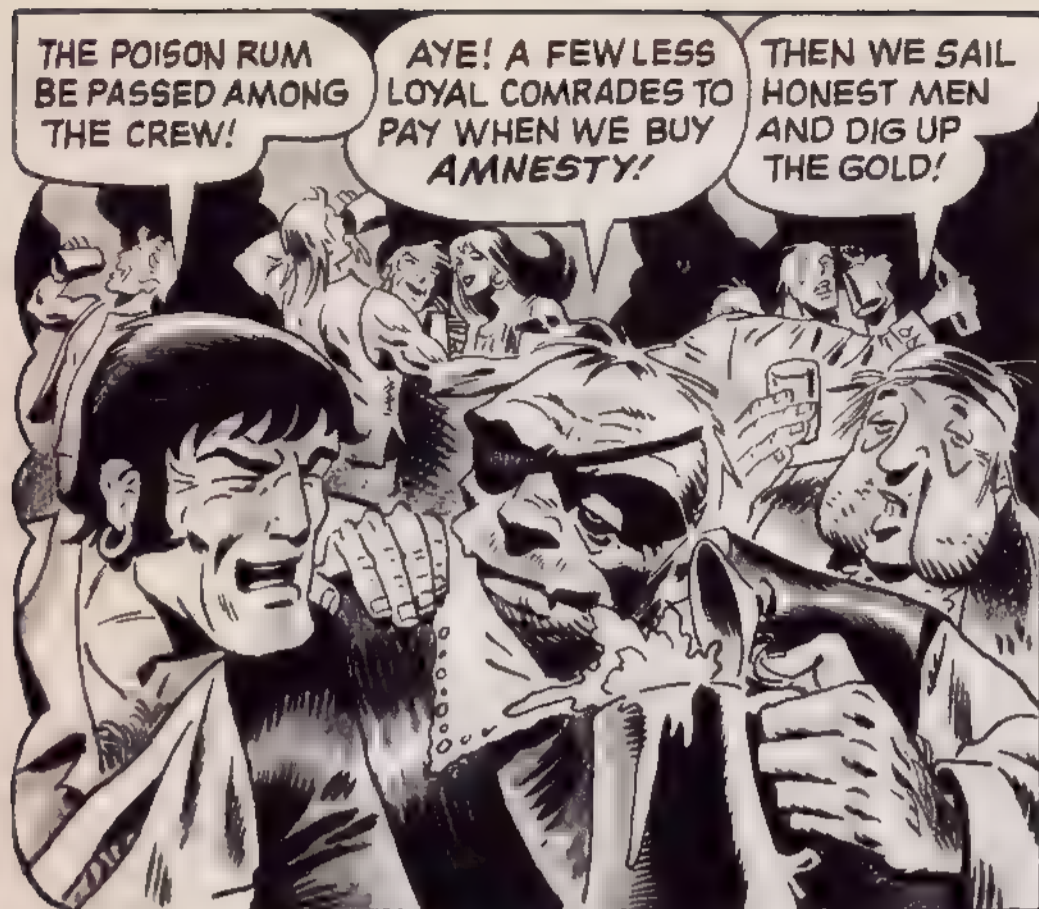
REACHING THE JUG RIVER INN, GRANT FIGURED IT WOULD BE SMOOTH SAILING...

BUT THE CLOSER TO THE DOUBLOONS, THE MORE DOUBTS GRANT HAD ABOUT DOC...

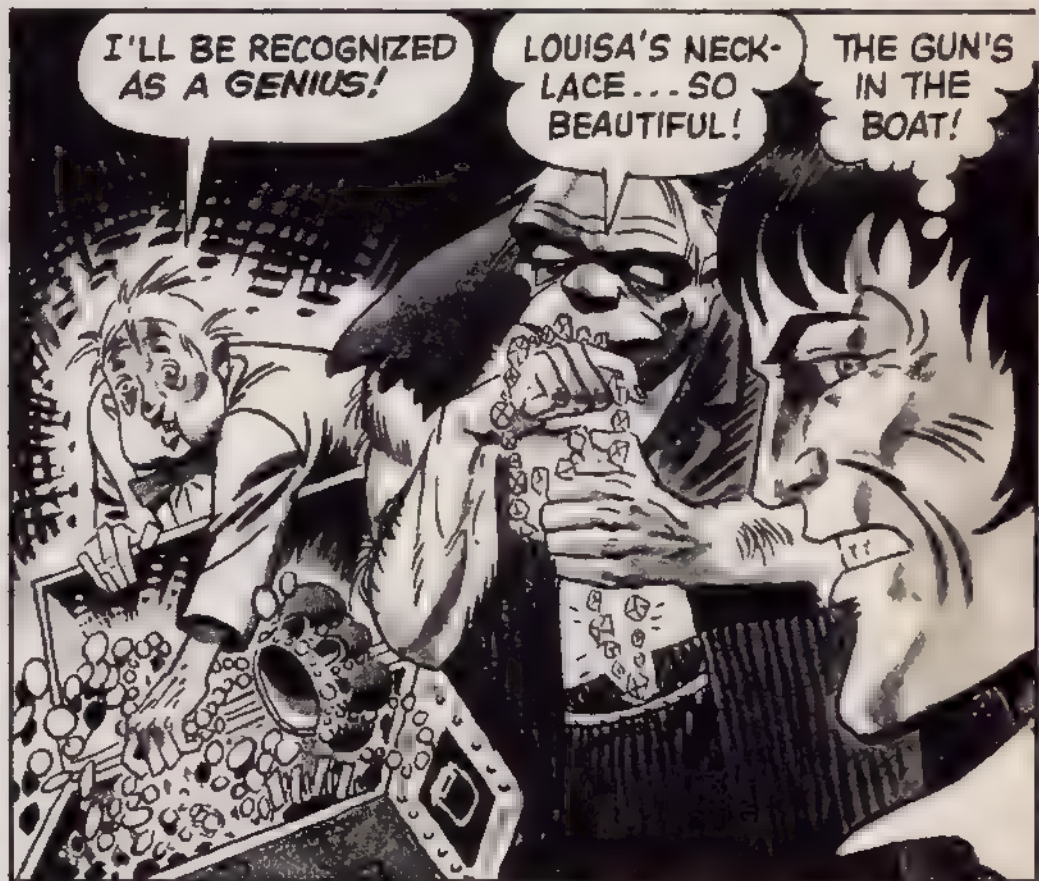
I'VE HIRED A BOARD... HEY! SWAMP BOY IS IN A TRANCE! ARE YOU PUMPING HIM BEHIND MY BACK?

NO... HE JUST SLIPPED IN TO THAT TRANCE OF HIS OWN WEAK WILL!





AFTER HOURS OF SWEAT, MOSQUITOS AND STINKING MUD...





DIG IT, FELLOW FIENDS? UNEARTHLY OLD ERNIE JUST CASHED IN TWO CRAFTY CRONIES FOR A LOTTA, LOVELY LOOT! ...SORT OF A BURIED BOOTY BASH!



VAMPIRE'S FLAMES

PROFILE: DOUGLAS MOENCH



Writer Douglas Moench's last story in *VAMPIRELLA* was "Plague of the Wolf" in Issue #7. He has a story coming up next issue called "Dethslaker."

Miserably lacking the faculty for verbal articulation, I took a left at Tongue Street and Tied Boulevard and swerved onto Writing Alley in an alternative vehicle of communication. My first published story was a piece called *BROWN OVER BLACK*, a science-fiction race allegory which appeared in my high school literary magazine. The story stemmed from the dual frustration of witnessing the mistreatment of black friends and the inability to adequately put into words my impressions.

Not until a year-and-a-half ago did steady writing seize my guts with a fervency impossible to ignore. It began innocently enough; I boogied into work (an accountant!) one day, having forgotten to fix the old witchlocks behind my ears and down my collar. The supervisor and I failed to see things hair to hair; I was fired. Thus was born a "career" which promisingly started with the sale of my first five successive scripts to Warren Publishing, and which is currently at its peak of strength: An obsession.

Highlights of my inchoate (pre)occupation are: The sale of my first novel, sword & sorcery, two autobiographical fiction pieces to *KNIGHT Magazine*, and my 21-page novel-length erotic vampire comic strip, *STAKE IN THE GAME*, to Warren Publishing. Hopefully, the future holds more of the same. Incidentally, I have irreverently dedicated, in part, my first novel to my anti-

hirsute former employer for "providing me with the opportunity and necessity" to write the book.

I have separated from my first wife and currently reside with a Frazetta-ish blonde who goes by the deceptively simple name of Pat. My primary avocations include spending time with Pat, reading, shooting the comics-biz bull with Russ Heath—just about the only other comics person in Chicago—listening to music (*TRAFFIC AND STONES* are fanatical favorites), and squashing pennies on the railroad tracks.

I suppose my future goals entail the methodical extermination of Denny O'Neil, Roger Zelazny, and Harlan Ellison.



Cara Shorman of Reno, Nevada drew this picture of Vampi resting after "Isle of the Huntress."

Fuat Ulus of Istanbul, Turkey sent us a short story called "The Crimson Heel." He writes that Vampi is "becoming prettier day after day. I wish you the best—pardon, should I say, the bloodiest of everything." Read his:

The Crimson HEEL!

Linda looked at her wrist watch. It was 1:30 a.m. Highway traffic was light. She drove carelessly. 40 miles an hour. She thought of Peter and their marriage in the morning. Oh, Peter. How much in love I am with you. 45 miles an hour. She thought of Aunt Ethel and remembered the ugly gossip others had spread about Ethel's dabbling in the occult. Bill had warned her. He had told Linda that he had seen Ethel and Peter alone together. Disgusting slander, she thought to herself. 50 miles an hour. Aunt Ethel had invited Linda to her home and given her a beautiful pair of crimson-colored slippers as a wedding present. The heel was about four inches high and the toes close-pointed. Linda stared at her shoes and at the gas pedal. She half-wondered why Ethel had insisted she wear them on the trip back. The heels made the driving difficult but Ethel had insisted. 55 miles an hour. The slippers glistened strangely in the darkness. Linda's sixth sense

warned her of something mysterious. She looked at the speedometer which was racing wildly now. The needle was up to 60 miles per hour. She remembered how Peter had never let her drive faster than 60. Why not? Impulsively, she pressed her foot on the accelerator. Again the needle jumped . . . to 65 . . . to 70 . . . to 75 miles an hour. She knew the slippers were pretty, very pretty and she wanted to press the accelerator with the slippers on. 80 miles an hour. Her crimson pointed toe pushed the pedal to the floor completely. Suddenly, her left front tire exploded and she couldn't brake the car in time.

There was a knock on Aunt Ethel's door. She opened it. Two of her "workers" slid in. "Our mission is completed, Mistress," they said. She smiled and dismissed them. Brilliant work, thought Ethel. Who would ever realize she had transferred two devils to the pair of slippers she had given Linda? Now Peter was hers alone. **THE END**



Robert Shugrue of Metheun, Mass. drew this Vampirella.

The PRISONER

by Ron Lovett
Eagle Lake, Fla.

This shall be my last entry for after tonight, I shall never again see the sun nor marvel at its beauty. Tonight, I shall die. No. I cannot say this and be truthful. I shall experience death for only a short time. Afterwards, I will stalk the earth as one of his kind. My peers shall be creatures of the night. For when the sun has set behind the wooded hills, he and his kind will come for me and I will join that accursed clan. I shall become one of the most damned and feared of all creatures. I will be a master of darkness, supreme in the night but with all this power, I will have to shun the naked light of day. I shall become the devil's favorite weapon, a pawn in his game of fear with mankind. I will be that most cursed of creations—the vampire! One who is devoid of death, but must endure and live on, year after year, century upon century, for all eternity. I have thought of self-annihilation but there is no implement to end my wretched life. Now I await my doom as each tick of the clock brings my end nearer. I have no fear or pity. The sun is low in the sky and my fatal hour draws nigh. I write all this

down in the hope that someone may find my notes and hunt me down. Yes, and kill me. With a stake, my cursed affliction may be ended. When the creatures I refuse to call human come for me, I shall hurl my diary far into the night, praying that my plea be answered. My heart grows heavy with sadness as I recall my loved ones, Oh, Lora! I thank God now that I made you stay behind. As I think back on those days that are now in the past, I realize now how close I was to being insane. I remember entering the Count's castle by stealth. Curiosity had overcome me. I entered the forbidden chamber with the coffin. When I saw the Count in the coffin, I thought him dead. But his chest rose and fell with a rhythmic precision. I ran screaming from that evil chamber. My time now is almost gone. The sun is setting and it is the most beautiful sight I have ever beheld. They are coming for me now as I can hear the echoes of their footfalls. Although the door is locked, it will provide only a feeble barrier. I am prepared to meet them. They have broken in. May God help me.

THE END



This drawing of a skeletal figure beset by attackers was drawn by Jose Munoz of Argentina.

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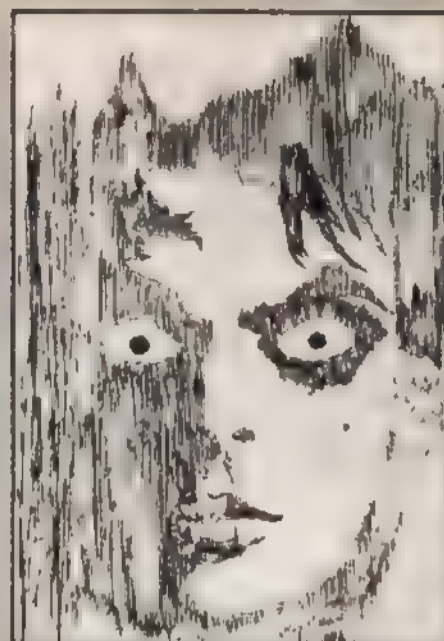
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Two views of the Vampirella clan. At left, Vampi registers shock in an inkwash drawing by Vivian Jane Amick of Jefferson City, Mo. At right is a chilling drawing of Vampi's Cousin Evily (from VAMPIRELLA #2) by Glen Abrams, Elgin, Ill.

Where else would a short story come from but Story City, Iowa? Read

The ENTITY

by John Kaska

My flesh, brain, and complete cellular structure are being stripped—slowly stripped of their existence. A stench gathers about me. Tiny, wingless insects, parasitic to warm-blooded animals, crawl on my flesh. The soft-bodied, footless larvae of insects which dwell upon lifeless cells spread through my body like a cancer gone wild. The waves of thought which had once pulsed within my brain were non-existent. My heart no longer pumps rich, red blood through out my veins. My eyes are closed, never to be opened again. My lungs no longer gush refreshing oxygen. The physical being which is my body is dead. I am but an entity.

THE END

cealed in the pockets of Jena's mink coat when she walked back to the parking lot. Before she went to take the car to Richard, Jena stopped on a deserted side-street and attached the explosives. When she returned to the driver's seat, Jena caught sight of a note which had fallen on the floorboard. The blast sent her into oblivion before she could read, "Daylight time began yesterday, I set your clock ahead for you. The attendant."

THE END

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This little epic is short and sweet. It's called:

The LAST BLAST

by Dan McGee

Jena had the wiring set perfectly. All that remained for her to do was to pick up the explosives. Soon she would be a "grieving" widow. The dashboard clock would trigger the bomb at precisely three-thirty, and it was at two-fifteen that Jena pulled the car into her apartment's lot. The boy who parked the car did not know that this would be the last time. The explosives were con-

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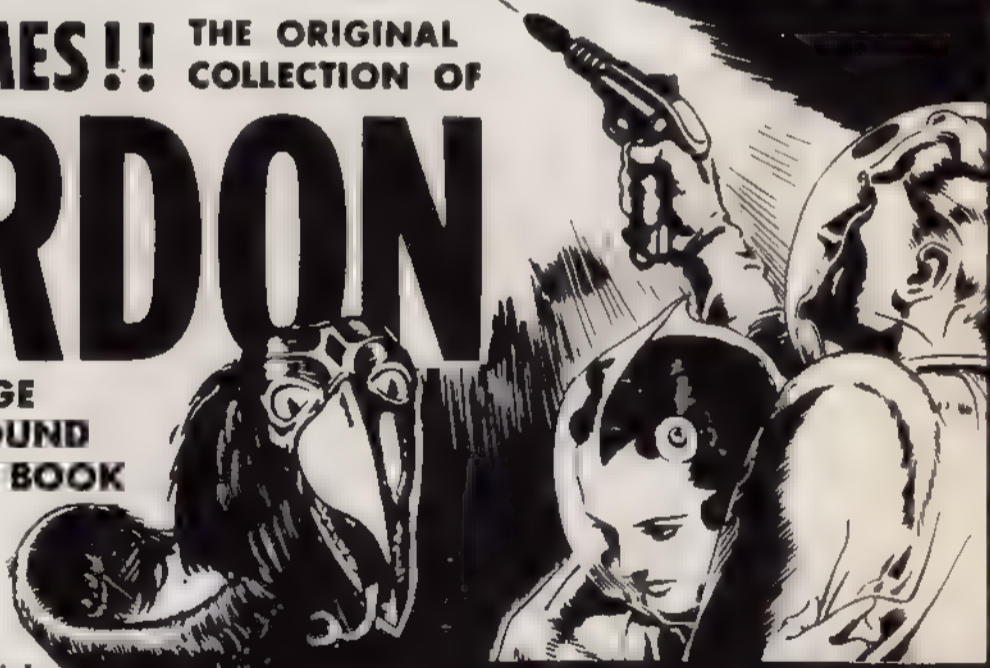
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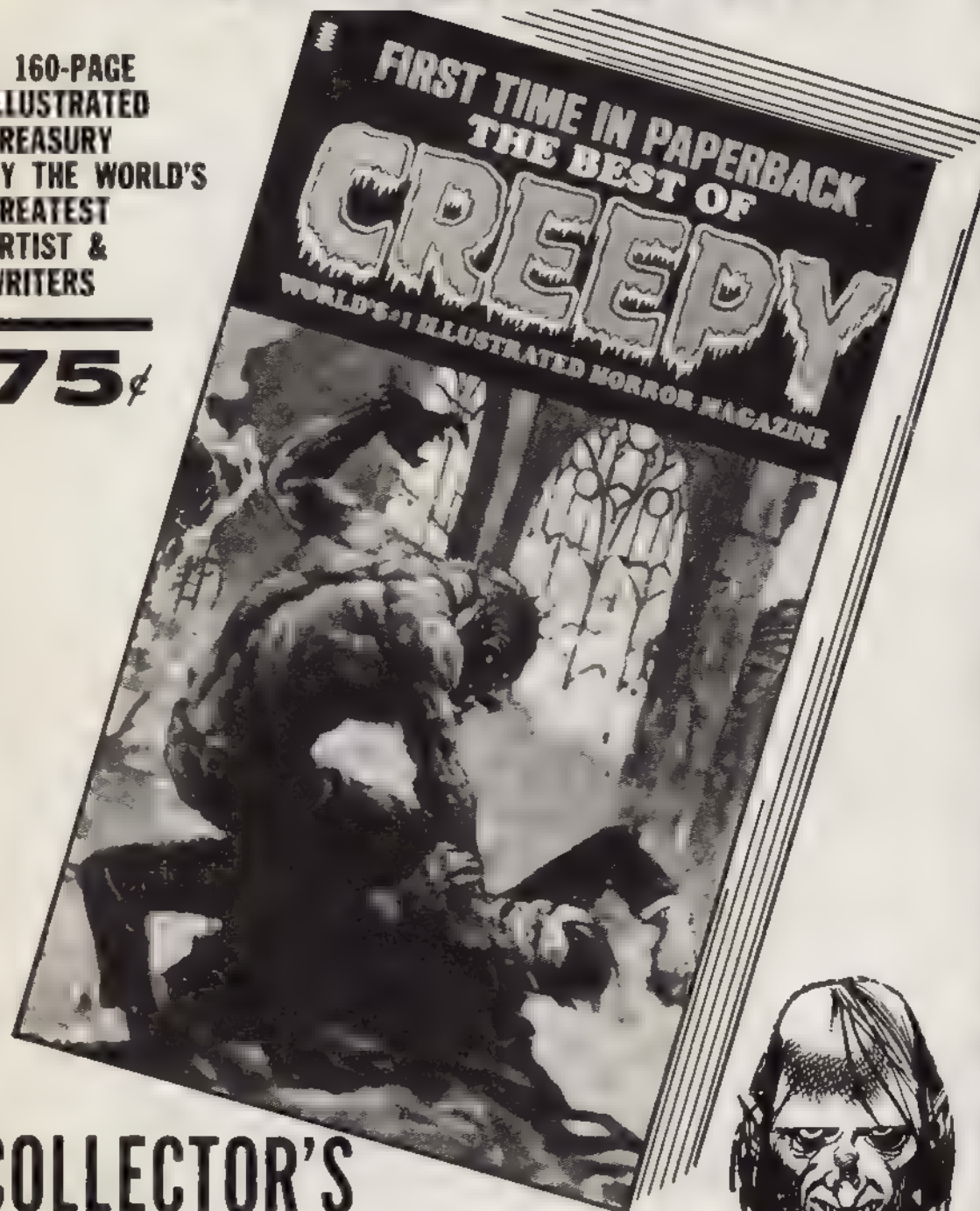
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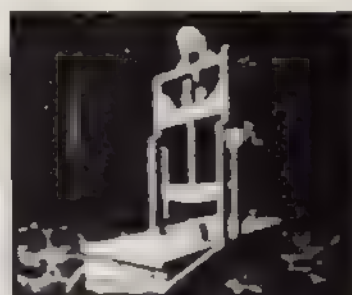
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DR. DEADLY



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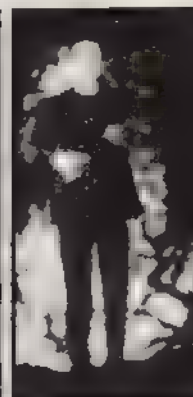
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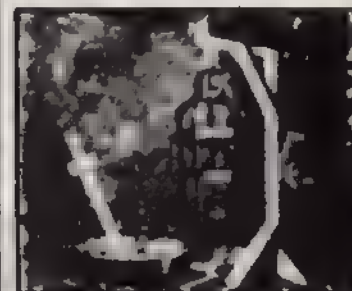
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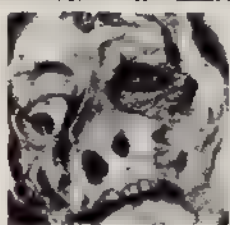
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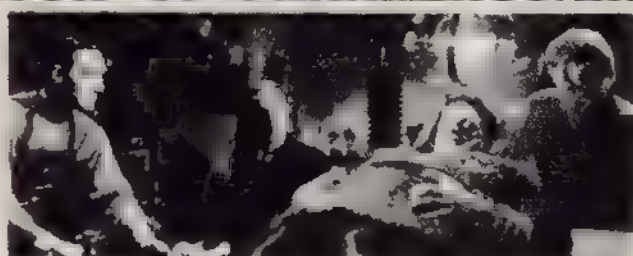
FRANKENSTEIN GETS EVEN and his "revenge" makes this the scariest monster movie ever made. The Stalker Walker gives an unforgettable performance. The dark, dank mood of this film is not for the lighthearted. Full of fight and might, it is just right for your Monster Film collection. (Available in both black & white or in supernatural Technicolor.) This 8mm film is a full 200 feet. Black & White, \$6.95; Technicolor, \$14.95.



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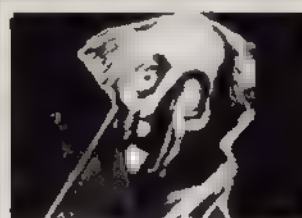
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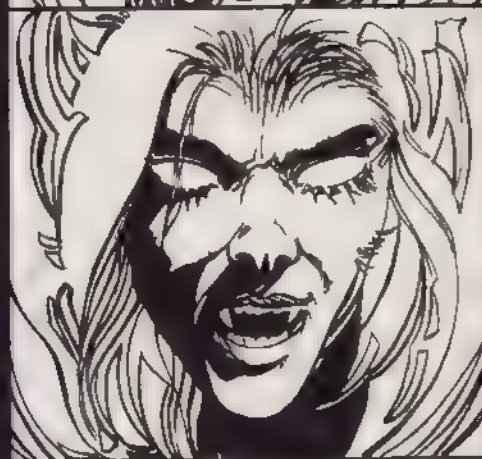


HERE'S A TALE OF A HUNTER WHO BECOMES THE HUNTED! BESTED BY HIS VICTIM-TO-BE! OLD ROMULUS AND REMUS NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD'S NOT SO LITTLE ANYMORE! FOLLOW THE TRACKS OF A COMBINATION BEAUTY AND THE BEAST IN.....

WOLF HUNT

LET THE CHANGE COME! LET ME RUN WITH THE WINDS ONCE MORE!

DRENCHED IN FULL MOONLIGHT, THE SENSUOUS FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL BEGINS ITS STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS FROM *HUMAN INTO BESTIAL FORM!*



NOW! THE HUNT!

TO THE WOLF-GIRL LUPAGAR'S CHANGED NOSTRILS COME KEEN TRACES OF ANIMAL LIFE NEARBY--- FLESH AND BLOOD!



DRUNK WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF HER BLOODLUST, LUPAGAR REVELS IN THE SENSATIONS OF THE NIGHT.

FREEDOM AGAIN!
WITH THE WIND
RUFFLING MY FUR!
I COULD EVER
REMAIN THUS!



IN HER EXCITEMENT, LUPAGAR DOES NOT DETECT A HIDDEN PRESENCE WATCHING HER.

SOON, NOW....



NOW!

THE WOLF-GIRL STAGGERS UNDER THE BLOW OF THE ACCURATELY AIMED STONE.

NOW MY BEAUTY!
YOU ARE TORVATH'S!





AT DAWN'S LIGHT, LUPA-GAR WAKES IN A STRANGE PLACE, HER HEAD THROB-
ING AND HER HUNGER
UNSATISFIED....



WHERE....?



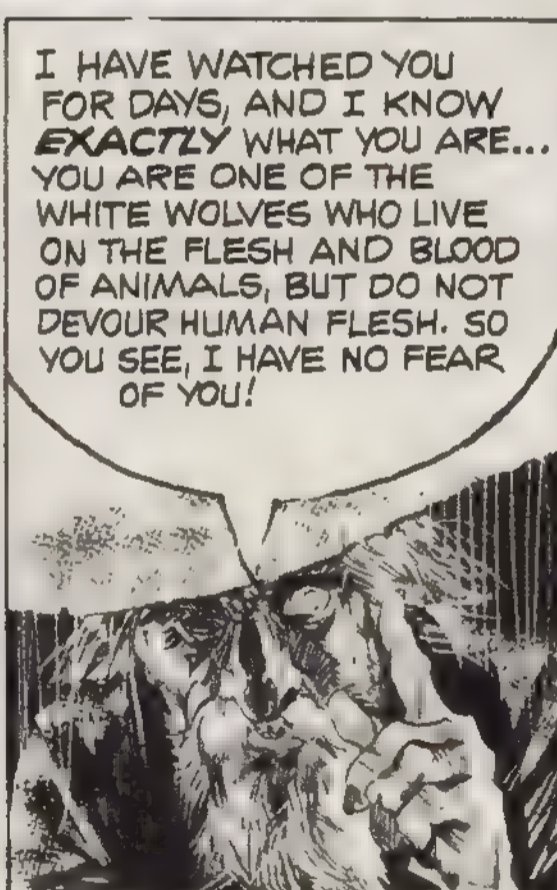
RELAX, MY BEAUTY!
TORVATH WILL NOT
HARM YOU!



I AM NOT OF
YOUR KIND! YOU
HAVE NO RIGHT TO
HOLD ME HERE!



I HAVE WATCHED YOU
FOR DAYS, AND I KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE...
YOU ARE ONE OF THE
WHITE WOLVES WHO LIVE
ON THE FLESH AND BLOOD
OF ANIMALS, BUT DO NOT
DEVOUR HUMAN FLESH. SO
YOU SEE, I HAVE NO FEAR
OF YOU!



YOU WILL REGRET THIS ACT! WHEN I
AM AGAIN A WOLF....

YOU WILL BE LOCKED IN YOUR
CELL WHEN YOU ARE A WOLF.
BUT WHEN YOU ARE NO MORE
THAN A WEAK GIRL.... YOU
WILL BE MINE! RESIGN
YOURSELF!



LUPAGAR IS REPELLED
BY TORVATH'S
CLAMMY TOUCH....



RESIGN
YOURSELF,
I SAY!

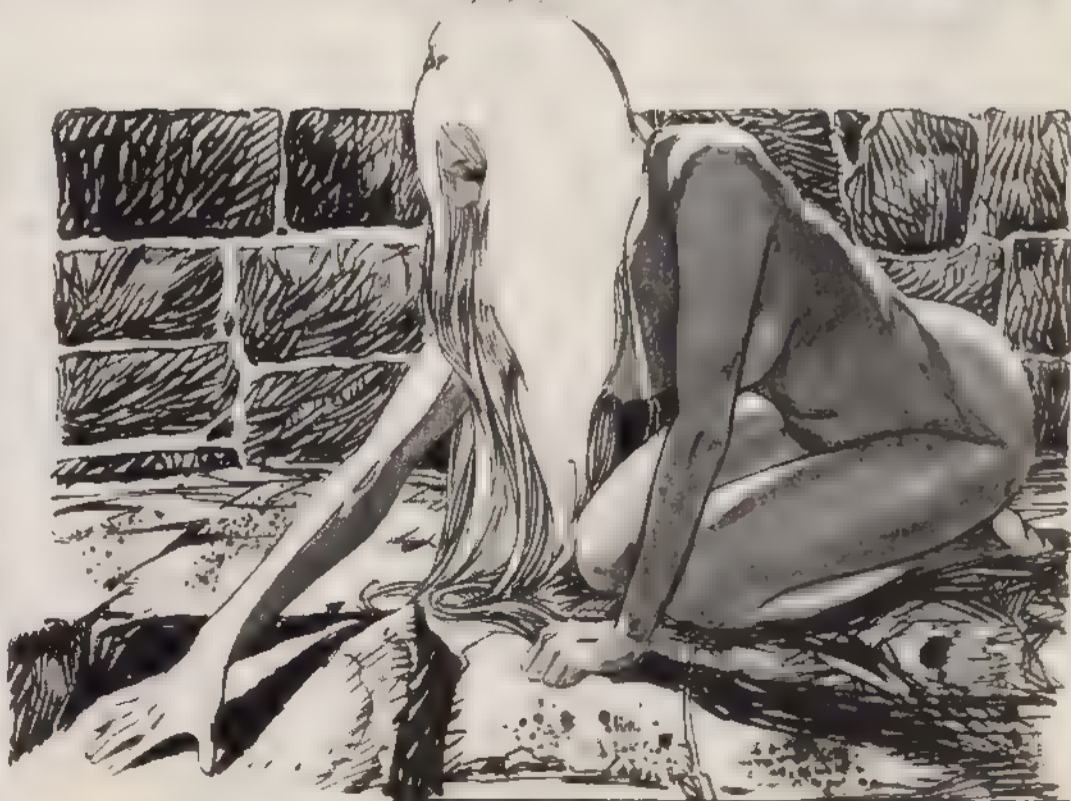
I KNOW NOT WHAT TO
MAKE OF *THAT*
EXPRESSION, MY BEAUTY!



JUST REMEMBER AND
HEED MY WORDS.



THROUGH THE LONG DAY, LUPAGAR CALMLY
EXPLORES THE DAMP, MUSTY CELL, SEARCH-
ING FOR SOME TINY IMPERFECTION IN ITS
DEFENSES.



AS THE AFTERNOON SHADOWS BEGIN TO
LENGTHEN, THE WOLF GIRL FINDS....

LATE IN THE DAY, TORVATH RETURNS---EAGER
TO LOOK IN ON HIS PRISONER!



HAH! SHE DUG HER
WAY OUT WITH HER
BARE HANDS! I
KNEW THE WOLF-GIRL
WOULD HAVE SPIRIT!
AND STILL WITHIN THE
CASTLE, I'LL WAGER!
THIS MAKES IT ALL THE
MORE INTERESTING!



TORVATH BEGINS A RELENTLESS HUNT
THROUGH THE DARK FORTRESS, NOT
REALIZING THAT HE HIMSELF IS THE
QUARRY!



RUN, MY LOVELY! RUN
AS FAR AND AS FAST AS
YOU CAN! FOR....SOON YOU
WILL RUN YOURSELF
INTO A CORNER!



THE EAGER HUNTER DOES NOT HEAR THE
CAUTIOUS, WOLF-LIKE PADDING OF THE
SLEEK HUNTRESS BEHIND HIM....



TORVATH'S HUNTING PROWESS IS
RENOWNED, BUT THERE IS NO
HUNTER LIKE THE ANIMAL!



SO! YOU'VE TRAPPED ME, HAVE
YOU, MY WOLF-GIRL? REMEMBER,
YOU HAD NO NOURISHMENT **LAST**
NIGHT, AND YOU'RE WEAK FROM
CLAWING YOURSELF OUT OF THAT
CELL! SOON, THE SUN WILL BE
DOWN — YOU WILL AGAIN
BECOME A WOLF.

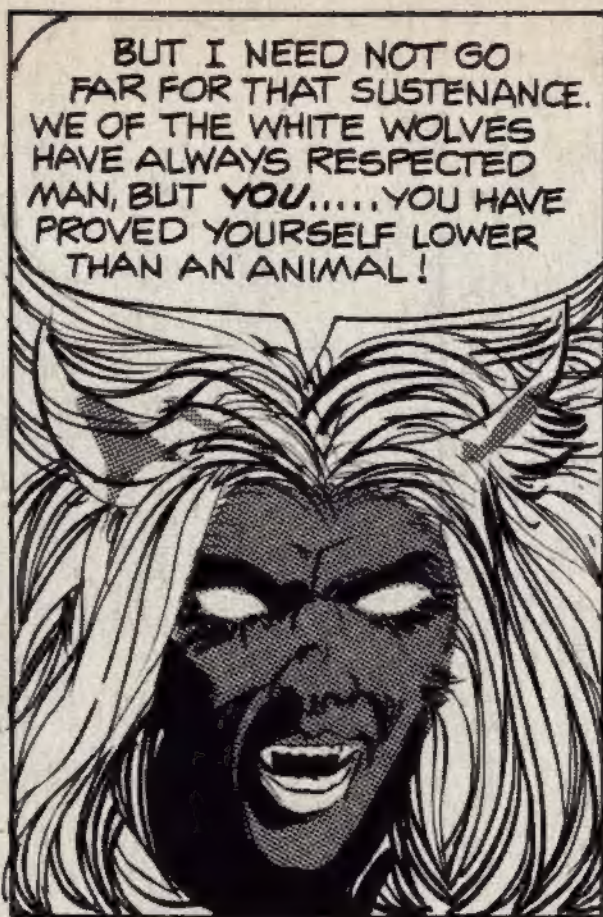
SO YOU'D BEST SURRENDER AND
LET ME NOURISH YOU FROM MY
LIVESTOCK.... YOU'LL NOT BE ABLE
TO LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE IN
WOLF FORM, WILL YOU
NOW?....



"...AND ANOTHER NIGHT WITHOUT FOOD
WILL REALLY DRAIN YOU!"



YES, I AM WEAK. MY HUMAN FORM NEEDS THE SUSTENANCE THAT ONLY MY WOLF-FORM PROVIDES....



BUT I NEED NOT GO FAR FOR THAT SUSTENANCE. WE OF THE WHITE WOLVES HAVE ALWAYS RESPECTED MAN, BUT YOU.....YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF LOWER THAN AN ANIMAL!



...AND I SHALL FEAST LONG AND WELL ON YOUR SKULKING FLESH!



OLD TORVATH THOUGHT HE WAS QUITE A WOLF, A REAL LADY KILLER, UNTIL HE MET UP WITH THE REAL THING! YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST A SHE IN WOLF'S CLOTHING! I BET OUR HERO HAS SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT EVER LOCKING GRANDMA IN THE CLOSET AGAIN! WELL... SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE, ON SALE NOV. 4TH!



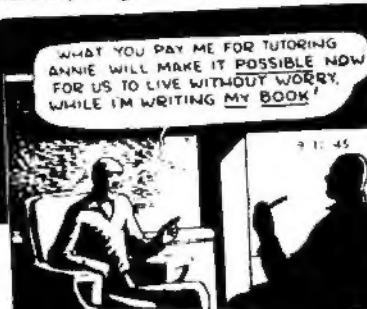
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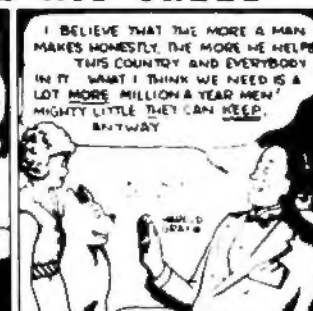
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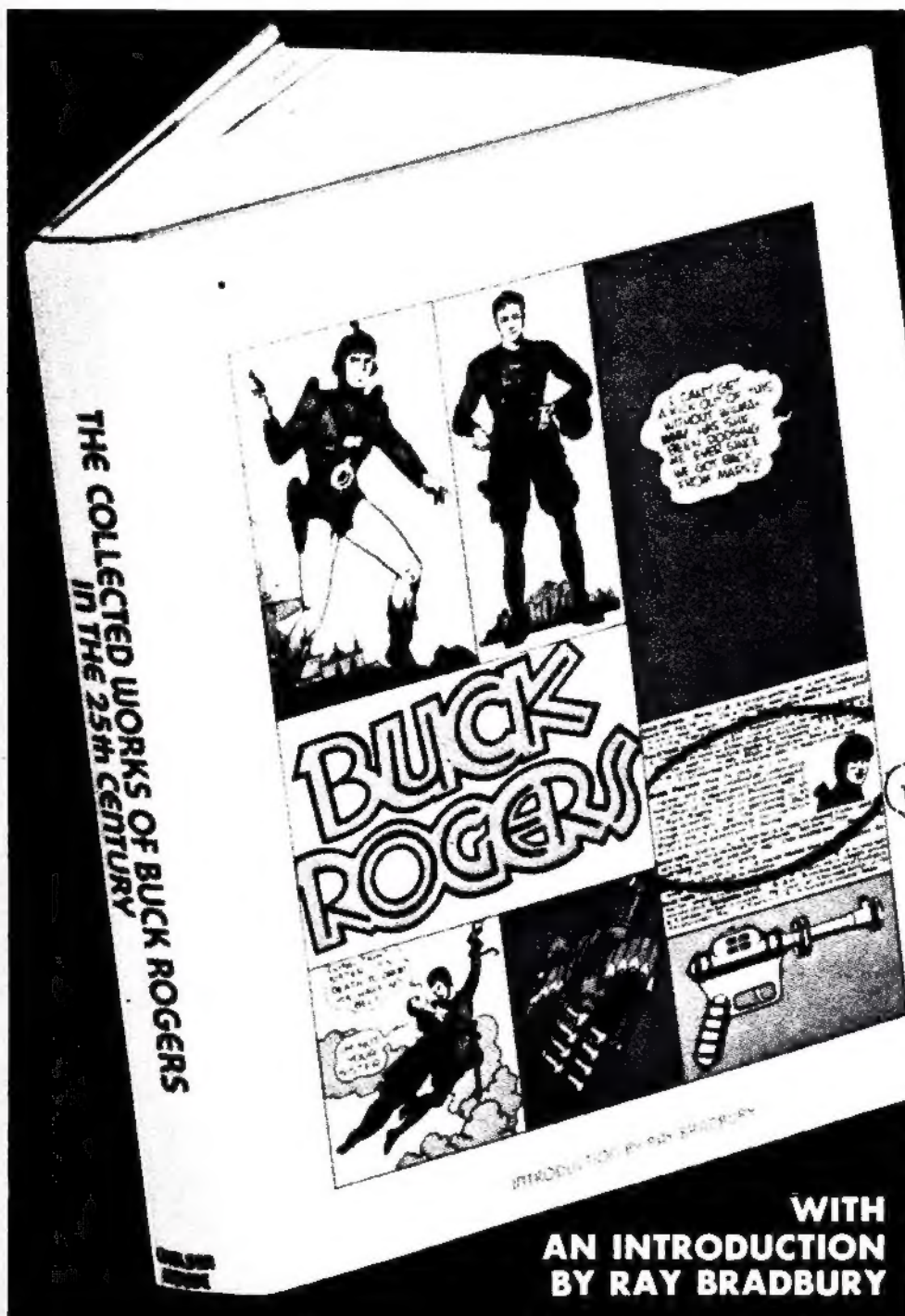


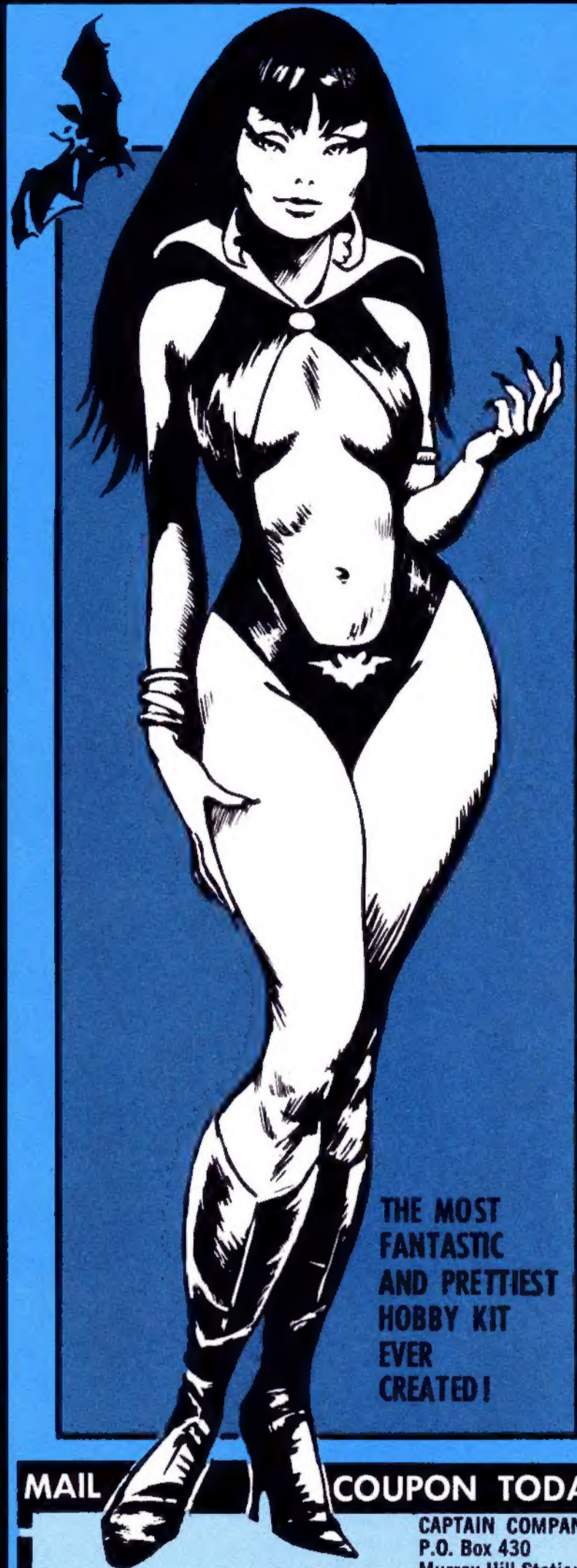
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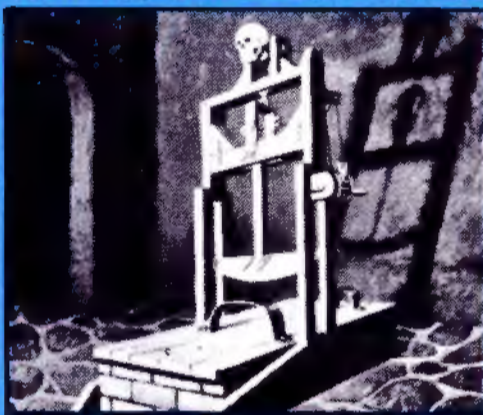
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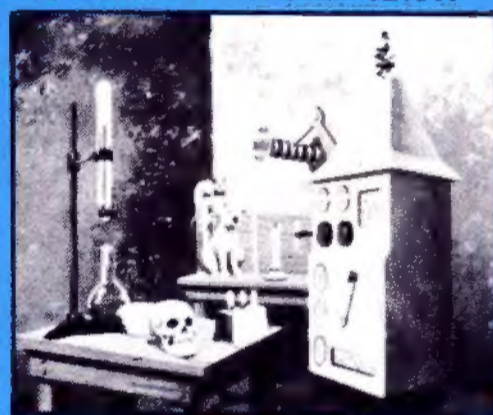
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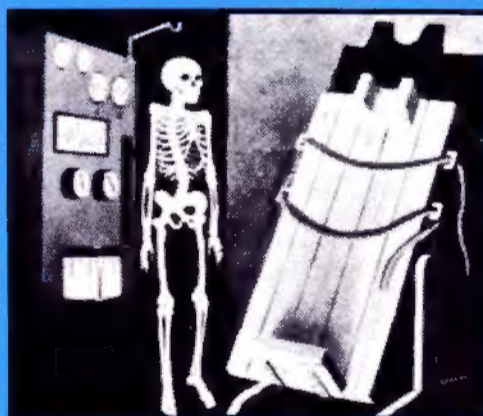
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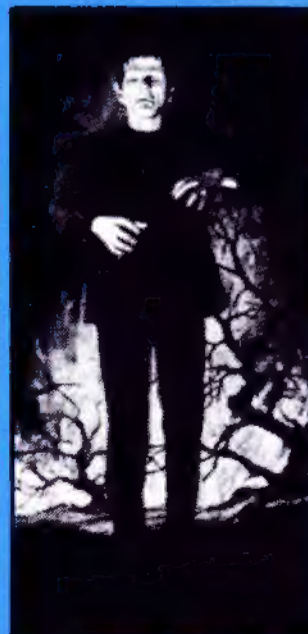
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